Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1670.

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THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 18, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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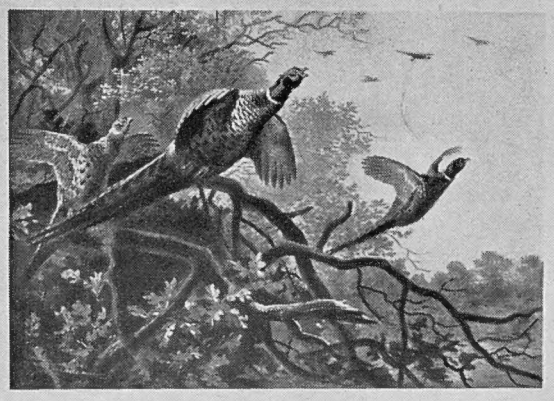

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, December 18, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1670. Vol. CXXVIII.

Cannons of Hollywood

MISS JEAN INNES-KER

Miss Jean Innes-Ker, christened Eloise Jane Horatia, is Lord Alastair Innes-Ker's only daughter, was born in 1915, was a debutante of two seasons ago, and lives with her family in Gloucester Square. She is a cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe, and was one of the Duchess of Roxburghe's bridesmaids in October. Her mother, like the Dowager Duchess, is American, a daughter of the late W. L. Breese. Her other Innes-Ker aunt is José Collins, who married Lord Robert Innes-Ker in 1920. Jean Innes-Ker was joint-chairman with Patricia Berry of the Junior Committee of the Versailles Ball last week

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 133

The Countess of Warwick

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

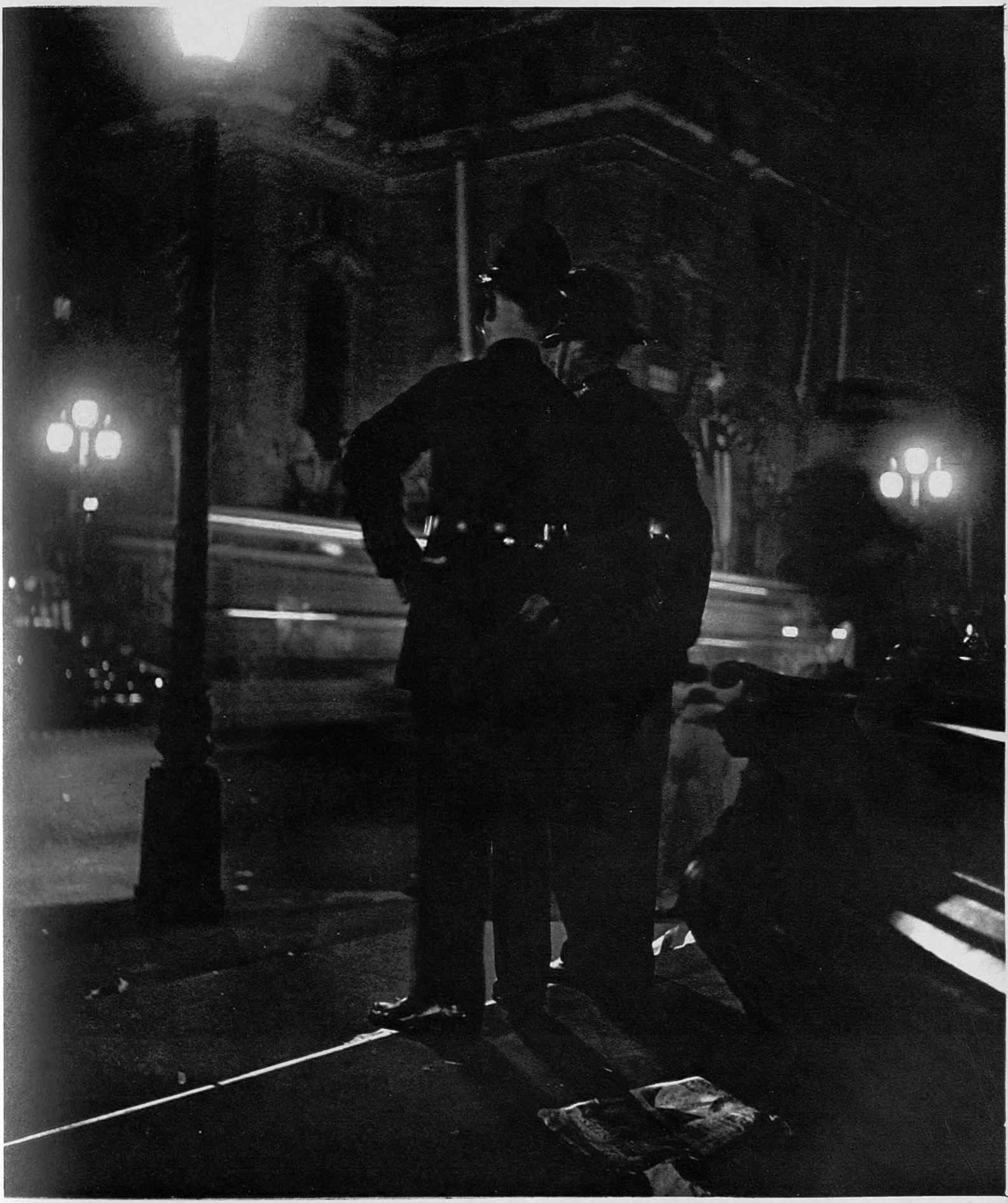
ROSE WARWICK'S life to date is exactly that of the heroine of a properly luscious Edwardian novel. Lovely daughter of the best-looking young couple in pre-war London (her father was a very gallant soldier, and was killed in the first few days of the war, while her mother, Lady Rosabelle Brand, is still extraordinarily handsome), she came out with just the right amount of fuss accorded to an Edwardian heroine. True to type, she steered her course clear alike of Bright Young Persons, dowdy county misses, and publicity-hunting debutantes. She then did exactly the correct number of seasons required before proceeding to marry the Earl. Still keeping to Edwardian standards, she produced a son and heir within the year. Since when she has created the requisite amount of Mayfair flutterings by going to Hollywood and getting a job as an extra, purely because of her beauty and without recourse to her name. Whereupon, like the true little heroine of the aforesaid Edwardian novel, she hands over her salary to the next girl in the queue.

Since her return, it is true that she is not quite so Edwardian as she was. There is a Transatlantic tang in her voice and her phrases. She does not ride, because she does not like horses, and while she loves motoring, she hates trains. She has a dachshund, Edwardianly enough, but the latter answers to the cocktail era name of Chipolata. Besides, she is a fan of all-in wrestling, and you can frequently see her at the Ring, Blackfriars—that is, if she is not at the Palladium.

NEVERTHELESS, she is very good in the county. President of the Warwick District Branch of the Girl Guides, President of the Women's Branch of the British Legion, and Vice-President of the Warwick Nursing Association, she never misses a meeting of any of these affairs. A fondness for chemin de fer (she always draws on a five) is still in keeping with Edwardianism; so are her continuous, if unsuccessful, efforts to read right through an eighteenth-century biography; so is her intense dislike for red nails, too much make-up, and London clothes in the country; so is her preference for gardenias and tuberoses over orchids. Her fondness, however, for œufs benedictine, red dresses, jazz and Hollywood contrast with her record of having opened over sixty bazaars in the last two-and-a-half years. That she wants to go big-game shooting in Africa, acquire strings of rubies, and be a first-class shot is counterbalanced by her dislike of champagne and caviare.

In conclusion, she is by far our prettiest countess. She has no superstitions, no deep feelings ("Nothing moves me. I always take the good with the bad!"), no fears and no inhibitions. Instead, she has a very fast brain, an exact knowledge of her own importance, a disconcerting sense of humour, a hatred of being by herself, and a complete complacency with her lot. ("I wouldn't change with anybody.")

I told you she was Edwardian, didn't I?



London Nocturne

A Study of Piccadilly Circus by Schall, of Paris

Louis Seize and His Family

The Court of Louis XVI. was the theme of last week's fancy-dress ball. Mr. Felix Harbord appeared as Louis, with the Hon. Mrs. Victor Cochran-Baillie as Marie Antoinette, Vera Trimble as the Princess, and Gerald Hicks as the little Dauphin. The Ball was held at 26, Prince's Gate, which Lady (Tudor) Walters lent for the evening; it was in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind

Mrs. Woolley Hart, who gives at least one top-notch fancy-dress party of her own every year, looked good as a Louis Seize beauty

Below: Mr. John Sutro, Lady Mary Dunn as an Eastern potentate, Count Weikesheim, and Lady Weymouth, also dressed as a man, made another decorative group

Mme. Alanova was one of the band of lovely women that Miss Olga Lynn, "producer" of the Ball, had persuaded to appear in costume

Eighteenth Century

The Versailles Ball

Above: the lovely Charteris sisters, Lady Long and Lady O'Neill, were there for the Court of Versailles procession, which, with a scene from "Figaro," took the place of cabaret

Below are Lady Brougham and Vaux, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, and Lord Brougham and Vaux, who had a very fine brocaded coat. Mrs. James Marshall Field was chairman of the Ball and received the guests

Out of Doors

Newmarket Sales and Quorn and Grafton Meets

The Turf Is Their Passion—Could You Guess It?

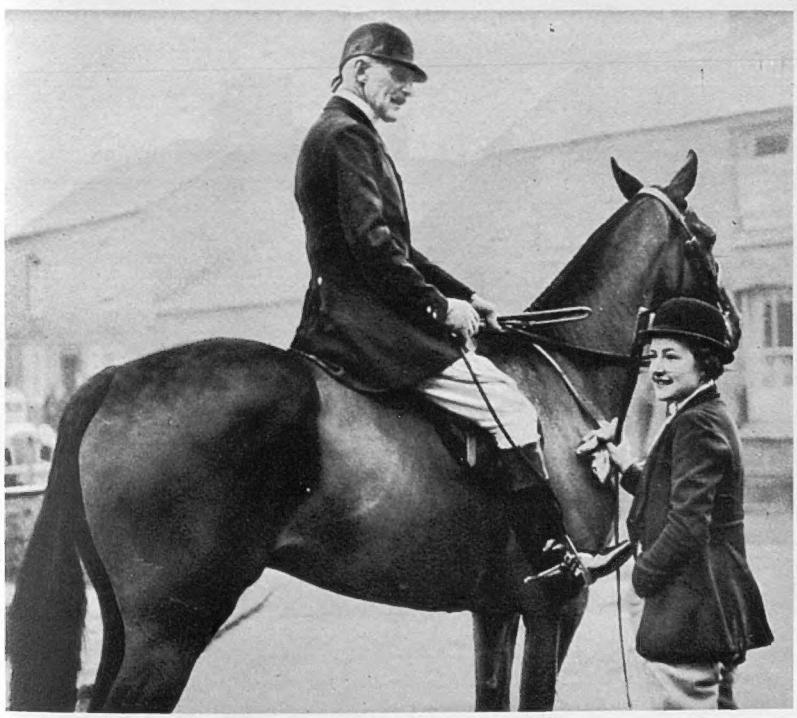
Ignore the straw, ignore their faces if you will, and still the look of these four men would say "horses." The two above are Lord Glanely and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, one a member and the other a steward of the Jockey Club

And these two are Mr. James de Rothschild, another Jockey Club member, and the Marquis de San Sauveur, the well-known French owner. They were spending an experts' morning at the December Sales at Newmarket

Mrs. Luke Lillingston

Left: Mrs. Luke Lillingston (Lady Harrington that was) is still joint-Master of the Earl of Harrington's; her husband is Master of the North Atherstone. She was at the Quorn meet at Thrussington in this photograph

Below: also at the Thrussington meet were Major P. Cantrell-Hubbersty, a Quorn pillar, and its hon. secretary, and the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Lord Belper's daughter



Major Cantrell-Hubbersty and Hon. Lavinia Strutt

They May Be Hounds, But They're Still Dogs

And therefore susceptible to the flattery of attention. Their admirers were Miss Curtis and the Hon. Penelope Mills, Lord and Lady Hillingdon's elder daughter, and the meet was a Grafton one at Pottersbury, where the Hillingdons live

Swaebe

Supper for a Pantomime Star

Lord Milton was in the same party as Miss Virginia Cherrill at the opening of a new night club in Stratton Street. Virginia Cherrill made her pantomime début last Saturday as principal girl in Charlot's "The Sleeping Beauty"

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Miss Kerwin and Lord Ranfurly had supper together at the Café de Paris on a recent extension night. Lord Ranfurly came of age last year, and succeeded to the title in 1933

• GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

CHRISTMAS is a much more popular institution with the very young and very old than "the in-betweens." For the harassed parents of the very young it is a time of great expense and lots of bother, but there is a second-hand thrill in their children's joy.

Very old people take a sentimental pleasure in Christmas—it brings tokens of remembrance from friends of their youth, and the sight of holly, mistletoe, and plum-pudding takes them back to the unsophisticated pleasures of the days gone by.

Topical "Bromides"

As we go to press the air is thick with plots and plans for Christmas—"Where are you going and what are you doing for Christmas?" are popular "bromides." Already Le Touquet offers a new idea, only a tiresome journey being in the way. The Westminster and Hermitage Hotels are to be open and the Casino, of course. Well, we have spent Easters and Whitsuntides there, and scarcely seen the light of day after all-night sittings hoping for eights and nines, so what is the difference between mid-winter and spring? We have heard of lots of people who are going, and several English-leased villas that are being opened up.

At Wentworth, Lord Fitzwilliam is having a large party with good shooting to amuse the men. Lord and Lady Milton will be there, and among others that popular newly married couple, the Rupert Byass's.

A Surprise and a Denial

THE denial of Lord Borodale's engagement to Mrs. Sandes was as rapid as the report of it was surprising.

Mrs. Sandes is a charming blonde American with very blue eyes and a mass of friends in England.

At the Ivory Cross Ball

Lord Salisbury is talking to the Duchess of Portland, who received the guests at the Ivory Cross Ball last week. It was held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Fund

She shared a flat for some time with Mrs. Erskine Gwynne (" Foxey " to her friends), also American, and famous for her red hair and " reddy " wit.

People Never Leave

A VERY good cocktail-party was given last week by Miss Amber Orr-Wilson in her Knightsbridge flat. Very wisely, we thought, she had dressed early, for people never leave a good cocktail-party, and the poor hostess is lucky if she can escape to change by 10 o'clock.

Miss Orr-Wilson's dress was in itself an excuse to dress early, a lovely, almost Grecian creation in white and gold. Miss Peggy Johnston was there, mink-coated, muff and cap to match, planning her Christmas house-party; Mrs. " Jimmie " Harris, who is giving a party next week; Vivien Cornelius, Ralph Hanké and Tom Lilley were some of the men we noticed.

Amber Orr-Wilson is one of those lucky people who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, for she is an inveterate traveller, and last year even bought a yacht as a further means of escape.

Newly Engaged Pair

IT was at a cocktail-party in Westminster that we met that newly engaged pair, the Hon. Moya Beresford and Mr. Patrick Bellew. Miss Beresford is a very pretty girl with a highly developed dress sense, and " Paddy " Bellew is a brilliant humorous artist and the brother of the Somerset Herald.

Miss Pat Charles was also there (looking very pretty in a quaint silver dress and a new curly coiffure), Captain Cunningham-Reid, Michael Renshaw and Charles Birkin. The two latter are spending Christmas at Vaynol with the Duff-Assheton-Smiths, who always entertain a Christmas house-party.

Two New Night Haunts

THE opening of yet two more after-midnight haunts kept us up terrifically late on Monday night. We went first of all to the Continental in Stratton Street, where all the well-knowns turned up in force. We missed the cabaret, but heard good accounts of it, and Teddy Joyce's band was certainly excellent.

We discerned Miss Virginia Cherrill dancing with Lord Milton, Mrs. Nick Prinsep, in a star-spangled blue gown, assured us she is *not* returning to the stage, Cary Grant, whose good looks would have destined him for a film career no matter what happened, Mr. " Eddie " Tatham, soon off on his annual trip to America. The Continental is sure to go for a bit. It has all the necessary qualifications of a successful small-hour bôite. Whether, like the Old Florida, it " persists " is a question only time can answer.

Mrs. Chaplin No. 2

EARLIER in the evening we had supped at the Café de Paris, where Mrs. Charles Chaplin No. 2 (Lita Grey) is appearing in cabaret—and a most successful début, too. She has some really good new songs, and an extremely

Here a Selection of Debutantes of Last Season and Next Were on View

Above, left: Miss Susan Heathcote, a niece of Lady Mar, and Countess Bridgytte Bentinck both belong to the 1935 rota. They were at an amusing young party Miss Bridget Smiley gave

Above, right: Lady Moira Ponsonby, Lord and Lady Bessborough's daughter, and Miss Angela Mitchell will both officially come out in 1936

Right: Miss Bridget Smiley, Mrs. Denton Carlisle's daughter, gave the party—her first as a debutante—in her mother's house in Culross Street, to which debs and ex-debs came in force. She's talking to Mr. Miles de Zoete

The Hostess of a Young Party

1935 Ex-Debs

Miss Agnes Celestria King, Lady Clare King's red-haired daughter, and Miss Suzanne du Boulay, Mrs. Iain Murray's sister, were at Bridget Smiley's party, and had a gossip together

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(continued)*

attractive method of putting them over—to say nothing of engaging looks.

Either by design or intention, Mrs. Chaplin No. 1 opened elsewhere in cabaret the same night. A double act would doubtless draw the town.

Dignity and Charm

THE Countess of Warwick was at "the Café" that night. We all know all about her dark eyes, dimples and charm, but it should be noted that for that very old-fashioned thing called "carriage" she has no equal among her generation. There is dignity and gracefulness in every movement as she walks into a room, and her complete lack of self-consciousness and affectation makes it even more fascinating. Her son and heir, by the way, seems to have taken up his permanent residence at Leeds Castle, while his own particular castle is partially closed.

A Wonderful Old Lady

VERY few people live to be over ninety years old, and we never thought we wished to particularly, until we met the Countess of Ravensworth last week. This remarkable old lady is in possession of what are known as all her faculties, and laughs at life as if she were at least thirty years younger. She has been married three times, and lives now at Hove, where she is visited by countless grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and grand-nieces and nephews, Sir John Milbanke being among the latter. We heard his brother, smoking his inevitable Gisperd cigar, was paying his respects to his remarkable great-aunt last Sunday.

A Very Young-Married

Even starring in a play in New York, and being called Mrs. Robert Douglas for six months cannot make Dorothy Hyson look as grown-up as most girls "home for the holidays."

When we met her at the Ritz at luncheon one day last week, we felt inclined to ask what sort of term it had been, and we were surprised that her upturned sailor hat was not kept on with an elastic under the chin.

Rescuing the Stranded

ALSO lunching in the restaurant that day, we saw Mrs. Sydney Vandenbergh, who is taking her pretty step-daughter to Switzerland, Madam Dubonnet, who is off to Cannes for three months, and Mrs. Woolley Hart, offering hospitality on Christmas Day to friends stranded in a woebegone London.

The Duke of Marlborough and Captain Jenkinson were at one of those sought-after tables near the door. Not far off we observed the chic little head of Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston, who has been entertaining for her daughter, Mrs. Jane Mason.

Case of Enticement

WE do not often attend publicity luncheons, but the presence of that great sportsman, Lord Derby, attracted us. It was the occasion of Brighton opening an information bureau at Victoria Station.

We found ourselves next to Miss Hardy—who was Brighton's popular lady Mayor—apparently due to re-arrangement of seating.

Half-way through luncheon a note arrived from Sir Harry Preston, handed formally by the pink-coated toast-master. It read:

"I shall sue you for enticing Miss Hardy. She was mine!"

Lord Derby spoke with his usual humour, and mentioned that when he wins a race cup he accepts the money instead and buys a cup or trophy which has some special symbolic reference to the place of his victory.

Peers and Peers

WE heard much gossip last week about the de Clifford trial. Various peers with whom we discussed it seemed angry with Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor. They had taken his round robin as an attempt to dissuade them from attending in their capacity as judges and jurors.

"If one likes to put it that way," said one peer, "I fear that Lord Hailsham is guilty of inciting the lay peers to fail in their constitutional duty."

Another point was raised. It can be argued that the law lords had no right at the trial in the Royal Gallery. As we understand it, the trial of a peer by his peers on a charge of felony (a "privilege" which the accused peer cannot forgo) dates back beyond Magna Carta.

In the old days, a man convicted of a felony forfeited his property, and it thus became a very easy way for the Crown to acquire lands by trumping-up charges against peers.

So it was agreed that a peer should be tried by his peers to stop this little game. But the law lords are a much later institution and hold office under the Crown. Thus, theoretically, they might be in the plot to dispoil the wretched peer!

Fortunately, no captious peer raised this issue. It might have delayed the proceedings for days.

MISS PEEPS

UNDER a photograph of Miss Ursula Jeans in our issue of December 4th, we stated that she and Miss Isobel Jeans are sisters. This is not the case; they are no relation to each other, and we apologise to both ladies for the mistake.

1934 Brides, 1935 Mothers; One Had a Son and the Other Had a Daughter

Lenare

Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart

Left: Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart was Lady Janet Montgomerie before her 1934 marriage to the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute's second son; she is the second of the Earl of Eglinton's three daughters. Her son was born on October 31st, and christened Ninian at St. James's, Spanish Place

Right: Mrs. John Ward's baby was also born in October—a daughter, on the 24th. She was Susan Corbett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Corbett, of Rossferry, Enniskillen, and married John Ward, Royal Horse Guards, elder son of Major the Hon. Sir John and the Hon. Lady Ward

Lenare

Mrs. John Ward

MRS. PETER FLEMING

Houston Rogers

The most romantic-seeming marriage in months was that of Peter Fleming and Celia Johnson last week, both young, attractive, and extremely intelligent—he hero of a long, hazardous and uncomfortable journey across Asia, and author of the most-talked-of series of articles of the moment, and she heroine till ten days before of the longest-running play in London. The "Times" also revealed that it was to Celia Johnson that her husband dedicated his first book, "Brazilian Adventure," some years ago. They were married quietly at Chelsea Old Church on December 10th, only their personal friends having any idea it was going to happen. Mrs. Fleming, who is twenty-seven to-day, has been on the stage since 1928, and well known since 1930, when she appeared in "Cynara" with Gerald du Maurier; she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson, of Marshgate House, Richmond, Surrey

Schall, Paris

Under Hitler . . .

Three Nazi Leaders

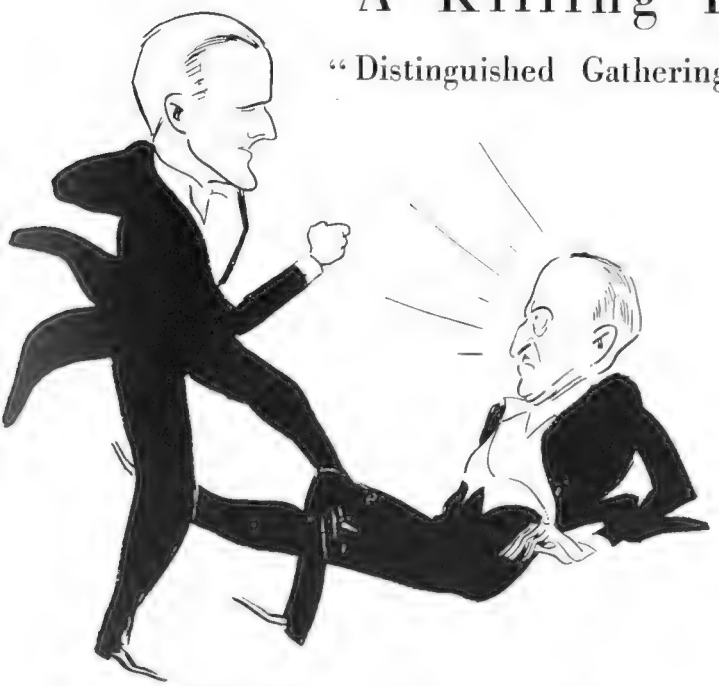
No. 1. Dr. Josef Goebbels

THE Minister for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda—National-Socialism's greatest publicity-man—was born of a peasant family in Westphalia thirty-eight years ago, studied art, literature and philology, and became a journalist. Then, more important, he became a Nazi and threw himself heart and soul into the business of persuading the Communists, Social-Democrats, and all the seething political underworld of pre-1933 Berlin to follow his example. He was one of the chief organisers of the Party of those days, and was appointed to his present post when Hitler became Chancellor. He was the founder of the Nazi "Angriff," and has written a number of books, best known of which is "From Kaiserhof to Reichskanzlei," a brilliant history of his Party's rise to power

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Killing Dinner-Party

"Distinguished Gathering" *(St. Martin's Theatre)*

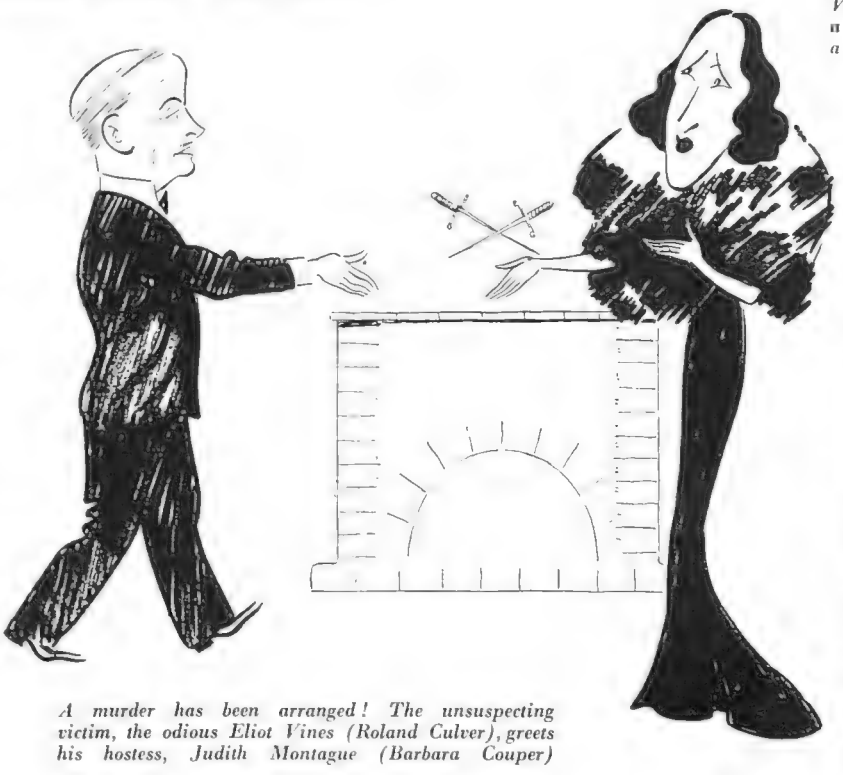


Sir Brian Howet (Ivan Samson) gives Major "Runty" Pearson (John Garside) a low-down upper-cut

IF a dramatist has an outrageously improbable plot to put before his audience, his play will need to be written around strikingly well-drawn characters and with so much conviction that he sweeps people along with him and, in fact, mentally bullies them into accepting his story. James Parish has not succeeded in giving an air of verisimilitude to his play, which therefore becomes a bald and pretentious narrative. The publisher, Felix Montague (Frank Vosper), has determined on the death of one of his authors, Eliot Richard Vines (Roland Culver), who, in his forthcoming book of reminiscences, proposes to give away details of the skeletons in the cupboards of several well-known people. Perhaps the more ordinary course for the more ordinary publisher would be to decline to handle such a scurrilous manuscript, but our Felix is no ordinary publisher, so he decides on giving a freak dinner-party (spécialité de la maison Montague), to which he invites seven guests, all previously unknown to himself and his wife, and with very little difficulty he persuades them that the best, if not the only thing to do is to murder Vines, who is joining the party a little later. His guests are naturally surprised and somewhat reluctant to take such a drastic step, but their really feeble resistance shows them to have flaccid minds, and flaccidity is not the stuff of which murderers are made. Furthermore, Frank Vosper as the host does not seem to have sufficient strength of character to impose his will on these people. However, he carries his murder through, the lights go out, there are sinister noises, then lights go up, disclosing the dead body of Vines, a dagger in his back, the guests eyeing each other furtively, wondering which hand struck the blow.

ALL does *not* go according to plan, which is not surprising. The police arrive on the scene, an inspector of the most modern pattern, and an earnest young constable who does not seem likely to rise to great heights in the Force. He is sent to supervise a telephone call made by the celebrated airman, C. D. Williams (Ronald Ward), who is one of the party, and the poor boob does not even see that the wires were cut by this young man, who has suddenly decided to take upon his own shoulders the crime that has been committed. He is tired of life, so why not? He successfully holds up the inspector and makes his get-away, by air, into some other world.

Felix Montague (Frank Vosper) is as sinister a villain as ever wore a velvet smoking jacket



A murder has been arranged! The unsuspecting victim, the odious Eliot Vines (Roland Culver), greets his hostess, Judith Montague (Barbara Couper)

THE play is quite well acted, and it is not the fault of the cast that they are not a very interesting collection of people. Perhaps an exception might be made in the case of Dorinda Caswell (Joan Hickson), a young woman who cleverly hides under a vague air of inanity the fact that she is very much all there, Mabel Terry-Lewis is not so lucky, and this distinguished actress is wasted in the part she plays. After all, perhaps it is as well that the play is not too true to life. If it were, invitations to dinner-parties would be accepted with a reluctance that suggested they came from the Borgia family.

Baroness Slatin

Is a young and pretty visitor from Vienna, daughter of Slatin Pasha, a former Inspector-General of the British Army in the Sudan. She was lunching at the Ritz, in a black dress with a green flower at her throat to match her little velvet cap

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Lady Ashley

All in white satin trimmed with a sort of tippet of fox, Lady Ashley was at a party at the Dorchester

Countess Orlowska

Is another decorative visitor to London. She's American by birth, was lunching at the Embassy and wore black except for a lovely mink coat

Mrs. Dudley Ward

A Bon Viveur dinner-time sketch of Mrs. Dudley Ward, who was there with the Marquis de Casa Maury as her companion, and a humming-bird in her hat

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

SITTING snug in the middle of London this Christmastide, we are apt to increase our sensual satisfaction with deep armchairs and log-fires and muffins for tea by reading Peter Fleming's newest travel instalments as they appear in the *Times*. Anything grimmer than Mr. Fleming's self-imposed hike from Peking to India overland we can't conceive. Camels and horses lie down and die on him in sandstorms, snowstorms, windstorms, and hailstorms. He lives on tea-bricks, and antelope-meat shot with his own gun. In remote Central Asia he traverses inhumanly arid deserts, fords frozen rivers, and climbs foothills lashed by icy tempests. At other times, half-grilled by intense heat, he is searching desperately for brackish water-holes, with salt lakes all round. We never suspected Mr. Fleming had such curious ideas of pleasure when we met him a year ago in the Savoy.

For that matter, we should equally never have connected Evelyn Waugh with those lonely plungings into the tropic Bush, devoured by jiggas and ticks and mosquitoes and vampire-bats and burnt to a cinder by the pitiless sun. It must be fun to both of 'em, or they wouldn't do it; but what an idea of fun, we ask you! Neither of them is the accepted explorer-type, either, husky and hairy and hearty and bulgy about the knees. Both are quiet, cool, essentially urban, and highly civilised. Both have extreme intelligence and a cynical sense of humour, and by the Great Tin Trousers of the Dalai Lama, they certainly need this latter. Perhaps, now we think of it, that 's the secret of their frightful choice.

Tsigane

OUR old gipsy blood leaped within us once more as we read of the gipsies' battle at Bielsk, near Warsaw. Two rival gipsy kings with 500 tribesmen met face to face and fought with revolvers, and the police had to charge them in tanks. This seems to us more truly Romany than pinching hens and terrifying old ladies, as we gipsies do in Surrey, and we 've thought more than once of emigrating to the wide open spaces of the Balkans.

As for the king of the English gipsies, we 've had rather a shock about him. After a bit of tribal dancing round a camp-fire near Woking one night recently, we entered the tent of the local gipsy princess, who loves us madly and often bites our arm till the blood flows, to feast and sing wild songs. On the tent-pole was nailed the picture of a handsome, barbaric, imperious face with flashing eyes and a curling lip. The princess said this was the new king of the gipsies. It turned out, believe us or not, to be Prince Jardine, Eagle of the Surrey Sierra, contrabandista, torero, and, of course, Test captain. You could have knocked us down with a sprig of wild rowan; and as a matter of fact they subsequently did, the sprig having been cut pretty low down. "Olé!" we shouted, toasting the handsome Romany king till our ear-rings fell off. "Dear, dear!" we added meditatively, "Dear, dear!"

Answer to Correspondent

"BIG EYES": The lines you quote—

I must go down to the See again,
To the vagrant gipsy life,

were uttered by the Bishop of Binstead, bidding farewell to his boon companions at the Athenæum.

Dainty Gift Dept.

WE class the anonymous admirer who sent a huge circlet of scarlet-beribboned laurels up to Yehudi Menuhin at the Albert Hall recital the other night with the last Sultan of Turkey but one (or two, or three). You can't do anything with a whacking great chaplet of laurel except throw it in the dustbin. Important people who got presents from the Grand Turk were similarly embarrassed—Edward VII., for example, who won among other things a pair of big gold binoculars thickly encrusted with diamonds and rubies. His Majesty could no more be seen at Ascot with a thing like that than Yehudi Menuhin could be seen wearing his laurels in Bond Street.

The chief historic precedent for actually wearing a laurel wreath permanently, like a hat, is Julius Cæsar. He only did it because he was bald, and somewhat silly Cæsar looked in it, too, we 'll be bound. As a present to a modern star violinist it 's worse than useless. Menuhin can't wear it, he can't eat it (except when he wants to commit suicide), he can't give it away for a wedding present, and, unless his æsthetic taste is pretty unformed, he can't hang it on the drawing-room wall. Moreover, it 's no use to the dustman either. If we were young Menuhin we 'd insert a few lines in the agony column asking for a pot of caviare next time.

And that reminds us—what *do* people do with those hideous gold presentation caskets so recklessly scattered about by mayors and corporations? Ex-heroes of

"Going to play in your rompers, Colonel?"

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 6.—"La Vie Parisienne"

WHEN, as a youthful subaltern,
I first went to the Front to learn
What deeds of valour G.H.Q.
Expected Second Loots to do,
My Company Commander said:
"Hi, you! These dug-out walls look dead,
So show some enterprise and see
What you can do with 'La Vie P.'"

And thus it was that I first met
The paper I shall not forget,
Since pictures drawn in wash and line
That dealt with female forms divine
Were found on almost every page—
Choice works that soon became the rage
With brutal British soldiers who 'd
A taste for the artistic nude.

That front-line dugout stands no more,
And it 's "not done" to mention War,
Yet many sober business men
Who still forgather now and then
To swap old yarns of mess and trench
Will toast some far from prudish wench
Who smiled at them from "La Vie P."
With such Parisiennergy. B. W.

the populace like Mr. Lloyd George probably have lumber-rooms piled high with the things. Ourselves, we 'd have cashed in on them long ago, forwarding to the nearest goldsmith three gold teeth and seventy-eight gold caskets in a neat parcel.

Gone Awa-a-ay!

As might be expected, Sir John Squire's attribution of the invention of Stilton Cheese to Mrs. Paulet, the Leicestershire farmer's wife, started a row. The pedants are at it as we write. Stilton was invented at Quenby Hall and called "Lady Beaumont's Cheese"; Stilton was invented by George Stephenson and ran on rails; Stilton was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton in his bath; Stilton was invented by Bacon under the pseudonym of "Gertie S. Shakespeare"; and tralala, and tralala. We don't suppose any Stilton-lover cares a ha'porth of mouldy rind who invented it, so long as it 's ripe and well-nourished. What really did afford us a refined guffaw was Sir John's suggestion to Auntie *Times* that "one of your numerous readers at present hunting in the Shires" might consult the registers of Dalby Church for Mrs Paulet's maiden name. We can just see some earnest member of the Pytchley, as the pack sweeps by Dalby Church, the fox having broken from scent to view, blowing a whistle, stopping the Hunt, and telling the Master to wait a couple of minutes while he nips into the vestry to look up a reference about a Mrs. Paulet. Probable course of ensuing chat:

M.F.H. (*politely*): You won't be long, sir?

MEMBER OF HUNT: Oh dear, no, Master! Ten minutes or so, possibly.

M.F.H. (*laughing heartily*): Because, you sweet ——— of a ——— ———, these ———s here are just a bit anxious to get a day's hunting, if it 's all ——— well the same to you, you ——— ———.

MEMBER (*anxiously*): Sure you don't mind my holding things up? It 's rather important.

M.F.H. (*convulsed*): Not a tiny bit, sir, you son of a ——— ———. We 'll just ——— well carry on with a ——— good game of tag till you 're ready, ——— and ——— you.

With a playful tootle of his horn the Master then calls off the frantic pack, the earnest member dismounts and nips into Dalby Church, and a good time is had by all.

If you think, by the way, we 're caricaturing hunting people, whom we love and admire, let us draw your attention to a newly-published book somebody 's given us—Mr. Jack Molyneux's *Thirty Years a Hunt Servant*. In this you will find an anecdote of a hard woman to hounds who forestalled the fury of a purple and raging Master by getting in first and bellowing at him: "I *haven't* headed your ——— fox, and I 'm *not* a ——— ———!" The operative words so delicately omitted by Mr. Molyneux, huntsman to the Quorn, the Meynell, and other famous packs, are "bloody" and "bitch" respectively, as any hunting man will tell you.

Hon. Ignoble Tears

SADDEST, sweetest news-picture of the month—one published in an evening paper recently showing the husky he-men of the Kisaratsu team in the act of leaving the field after being eliminated in the national basketball championship semi-finals at Tokyo, weeping bitterly and hiding their dishonoured faces as one man. Whether the traditional Happy Despatch followed we don't know. Anyhow, these emotional descendants of the Samurai would get pretty poor marks at Roedean or any big girls' school where basketball is a career in itself. Our basketball girls never cry when defeated. They clench their huge fists dumbly and set their massive jaws, biting on the bullet like British heroines. Only a muffled growl of pain and shame escapes them at intervals as they tramp back to the pavilion, the earth shaking under their tread. Then a mighty bass is heard, roaring like a wounded lion. "VERA!" it bellows. "VERA, YOU FRIGHTFUL ROTTER! WHERE 'S VERA, THE UPPER FIFTH PANSY? WHERE 'S THE GIRL WHO JOLLY WELL DESERVES A JOLLY GOOD SOCK ON THE JAW?" It is Miss Bashworth, the games-mistress, stamping up and down and occasionally banging her fist through a three-inch pitch-pine door in her Berserk rage. Her mighty biceps ripple and swell, her eyes flash fire, and the rocky knees of the enormous Vera, who let the visitors sneak that odd goal, rattle like castanets. Brr! Wow! Crash! La Bashworth has bounced clean through the pavilion walls again, and next term's extras will be heavier than ever.

That 's the spirit we like to see in basketball, not Japanese sniffles.

"Oi don't think Basil quoite gets the 'ang of 'ow 'tis done"

" C'mon, get hot ! "

Poohbah Department

ONCE again the other day we observed a magistrate severely censuring an impulsive gentleman for jabbing his friend with a knife during a quarrel, on the grounds that the use of the knife is " un-English." Which is, of course, poohbah. The knife has always been used in England, when desirable. The great holy Elizabethans, whose legend endures so stoutly, were always digging knives in each other. When they weren't doing that they were using poison—another typically " un-English " trick, according to some people. Reviewing the plays of John Ford the other day, somebody mentioned, quite accurately, that the English of that period used poison with great skill and variety of method. Poison was rubbed on Essex's armchair and on one of Elizabeth's saddles. Sir Thomas Overbury, among others, was slowly poisoned in the Tower. There was hardly one unpleasant trick not known to and practised by those glorious boys, whose haloes still burn so brightly in the official history-books. We 're an Elizabethan type ourselves, in a way, though we don't knife people as frequently now as we used. We gave it up, practically, after a brawl with a Bloomsbury don who tried to poison us at a party. On being stabbed he bled a sort of pale greyish sawdust all over the floor. This annoyed our hostess so much that she asked us to leave. It was a highly unpleasant experience altogether. The don took it pretty badly, as you might expect, expiring like a deflating rubber rooster. His last words referred to a " broadcatht " he was due to give next night at the " B.B.Thee." We saved you that.

Note for a Shopping List

SOMEBODY has written asking us what, in our opinion, is the best biography in English, suitable as a Christmas present for a discerning reader. Our opinion, frequently expressed, is that there are only two great English biographies. One is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, the other is E. C. Bentley's biography of the Emperor Pertinax, which has the merit of being full yet brief. It goes thus :

The Emperor Pertinax
Possessed a certain axe,
With which he used to strike
People he did not like.

Our own copy of Bentley's *Life of Pertinax* is a folio de luxe, printed in Gill " sans-sétif " type on hand-made paper, bound by Zaensdorf in embossed crimson leather, stamped with our crest ; but you can probably get a pocket edition nowadays.

Clean Fun Corner

A SAILOR met the Human Fly at a party in New York. The Human Fly said he could jump off the top of the Empire State Building any day. The sailor said, hell, he could, too. The Human Fly dared him to. The sailor accepted. They both went to the top of the Empire State Building. The Human Fly jumped first, the sailor a moment after him. Passing the Human Fly about twenty stories down the sailor noticed that he had privily concealed a parachute in his coat and was sailing down very comfortably. " Yeah ! " yelled the sailor bitterly as he shot past, " I always thought you was a sissy ! "

THE BYSTANDERS.

" I wouldn't send Jane soap, dear, she's so touchy "

George Arliss in "The Guv'nor"

Left: George Arliss—complete with moustache—takes the part of a philosopher-tramp in his new film, "The Guv'nor." The Queen has promised to be present at the première to-morrow (December 19th) at the New Gallery, in aid of the Personal Service League

Below: as John Stevenson, a British Secret Service agent, Claude Rains has plenty to do in "The Last Outpost," a thriller of war and adventure in the unsalubrious district of Kurdistan, now at the Plaza. Some others in the cast are Cary Grant, Kathleen Burke and Jameson Thomas

Claude Rains in "The Last Outpost"

FILMS of the DAY

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

SALUTE to Eleanor Powell! It is possible—probable, even—that a week ago you had never heard of her. Neither had I. But henceforth there will be no escape. *The Broadway Melody of 1936* ("so up-to-date that it 's a year ahead of the date"—not a bad selling line, that) has transformed a minor Broadway actress into one of the world's film sensations, which is what I call a real-life romance, or, maybe, just real live publicity.

How shall I describe this phenomenon? She is a brunette, and not at all beautiful—some would not even call her pretty, though her features are agreeable enough and her largish Irish mouth is a pleasant change from the curving rosebuds of cinematic convention.

She is tall for a dancer—about 5 ft. 7 in., I should say, incredibly slim and incredibly lissom. At first glance you would put her down as the nice girl condemned to throw the old boot after her glamorous sister as she drives away in her car (genuine Rolls-Royce) from the door of the church (lavish set—no expense spared) on her way to Paris or Grand Rapids.

But when she moves—that is another story. I don't want to exaggerate, so I will just say that Miss Powell is the best dancer of her kind in the world, and let it go at that. She makes Ruby Keeler look a beginner, Ginger Rogers a promising ingénue. Fred Astaire may move as lightly, float as gaily and as effortlessly from routine to routine, but he has never shown this girl's astonishing all-round technical mastery. She can stand still and beat out a tap that begins to haunt your brain; she can spin across a stage like the most accomplished ballet dancer and still preserve the tap rhythm without missing a beat. It is magical, uncanny, unbelievable.

Anyway, she 's pretty good.

For the rest, the new *Broadway Melody* is better or worse than the 1929 production, according to whether you like hot music and quick wisecracks, or don't. "The Broadway Melody" and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll"—there are no tunes in the new version to compare with these tried and tested favourites. On the other hand, the new picture is definitely funnier. There is a gossip-writer who has to take it as well as dish it out; a dumb assistant who has to dress himself up as a Frenchwoman; a man who keeps drifting in and out for no apparent reason, giving impressions of different types of snorers; and plenty of bright back-chat generally. All in all, *The Broadway Melody* is a hit.

WARNER BROTHERS, or Cosmopolitan Pictures, or somebody, paid about £10,000 for the film rights of the play *Page Miss Glory*, which made such a hit on Broadway. I wonder why? It is the sort of thing that excites Broadway, leaves the Middle West and regions south of the Mason and Dixon line lukewarm, and irritates the majority of English fans, for the simple reason that the high-pressure publicity methods and radio salesmanship campaigns satirised in the picture are unknown here. Here and there are gleams of wit amidst the bedlam of shouting and rushing about; but the pitch is too high, the wit too thin-spun. Marion Davies must have slipped a good deal with her public during the last year or two. She must be careful. Two or three more like this one, and the slip will become a landslide.

"THE LAST OUTPOST" is one of those productions which give the genuine fan a chance to show his cuteness and long memory—and there is nothing he likes better. Here a bit of *Grass* (the marvellous shot of the tribesmen crossing the swollen river on rafts made of blown-up skins); there a vivid shot from *Chang*, or *The Four Feathers*. The plot, too, is reminiscent, compact as it is of *Beau Geste*, *Bengal Lancer*, and *The Lost Patrol*.

Added up, it all makes good entertainment. Claude Rains is a British Intelligence officer who rushes off on a secret mission which obliges him to leave his young bride without a word for three years. Cary Grant is the happy-go-lucky young adventurer who wins a Good Woman's Love Which Was Not Hers to Give. All rather period and eighteen-ninety-ish, of course, but Mr. Grant is an engaging fellow, Gertrude Michael is an unusually good actress, as blondes go, and Mr. Rains dies effectively that romance may live.

The exterior shots, particularly those of the Kurdish tribesmen crossing snowy heights and rushing torrents, are very fine, and there are some good shots of the desert, culminating in the Sydney Carton scene where poor Rains is once again condemned to give all for his friend.

FLANAGAN AND ALLEN are not amongst my favourites. I find their technique monotonous and wooden, relying as it does on the one interminable joke—the malapropism which any reasonably inventive person can turn out by the yard. In *A Fire Has Been Arranged* they are a trifle more plausible than usual: the baggy-trousered tradition is not quite so obtrusive. But they are still essentially products of the music-hall, and if they want to achieve any real success on the screen they will have to study its methods and submit to expert direction and the limitations of a well-written script. Here and there are indications of real comic talent; it is a pity that, owing to lack of discipline, these are but small nuggets in a mass of dross. But there 's gold in them thar hills.

"Lay off my Derry-down-Derrys, Major!"

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

What of Wales?

WE are back again into the International hubbub, and next Saturday hubbub will become uproar, for New Zealand play Wales at Cardiff.

A great occasion indeed. They never forget in Wales that famous match of 1905, when Teddy Morgan's try spoilt New Zealand's chance of invincibility. And why should they forget? That was a great feat against a remarkable team, and Welshmen may well think of it with pride.

Whether they can hope to repeat it on Saturday is another matter. I write before teams are announced—before, in fact, we know how New Zealand fared against the inflammable Irishmen. And yet, groping in this comparative darkness, I am bound to say that the odds must be on New Zealand. One qualification I make, and one only—that C. J. Oliver and G. L. Griffiths are playing behind the scrummage.

Against Wales, Griffiths, with his remarkable defence, would be invaluable. He is the man to check the Welsh forwards. If he is playing, any wildness, any lack of control will be severely punished.

THIS brings me to almost the strangest thing about contemporary Welsh Rugby football. The forwards have physique and pace, but they lack direction to an astonishing degree. They scrummage badly, and flail about with unregulated energy in the loose.

There is a distinction worth making between hard and crude forward play. The All Blacks go hard, in all conscience. Some of their rushes against the Ulster pack on that vile but memorable afternoon in Belfast were as hard as concrete, but, like good boxers, their action is economical. This boxing analogy is a sound one. A punch need only travel six inches to put a man out, whereas the wild haymaker is rarely effective. In the same way, the good forward—the Wakefield or the Conway or the Bannerman—does not waste energy, but makes for the ball or the man with compact concentration. W. Hadley, of New Zealand, is a forward of this kind—a fine, stuffy player, always there or thereabouts, but never spending himself unnecessarily.

IN Wales you will find the whirling type of forward, the man who flails around in the loose, legs and arms flying without control, the sort of player whose quite innocent frenzy is apt to start unnecessary trouble, since his opponents do not relish a clumsy boot in the face or a swinging crack under the jaw.

I do not suggest that the boot or the crack are deliberate: indeed, my contention is entirely the reverse, for I think that fists often start flying through some initial clumsiness which leads to ill-feeling. I hope there will be nothing of the kind at Cardiff: I see no real reason why there should be, though this will be a keen match indeed, and we do not expect International matches to be kid-glove affairs.

Prince Alexander Obolenski

The Oxford three-quarter, who is one of the strongest runners to appear in Varsity "Rugger" for some years. He has lived for nineteen years in England and is therefore qualified to play for that country if selected

THE New Zealand forwards, mind you, are very well able to look after themselves. Several of them—Mahoney, King, McKenzie, Hadley, for example—would be very useful companions in any sort of rough-house. Far more important is the fact that they have settled down into a really competent pack, and I doubt whether Wales will see a great deal of the ball.

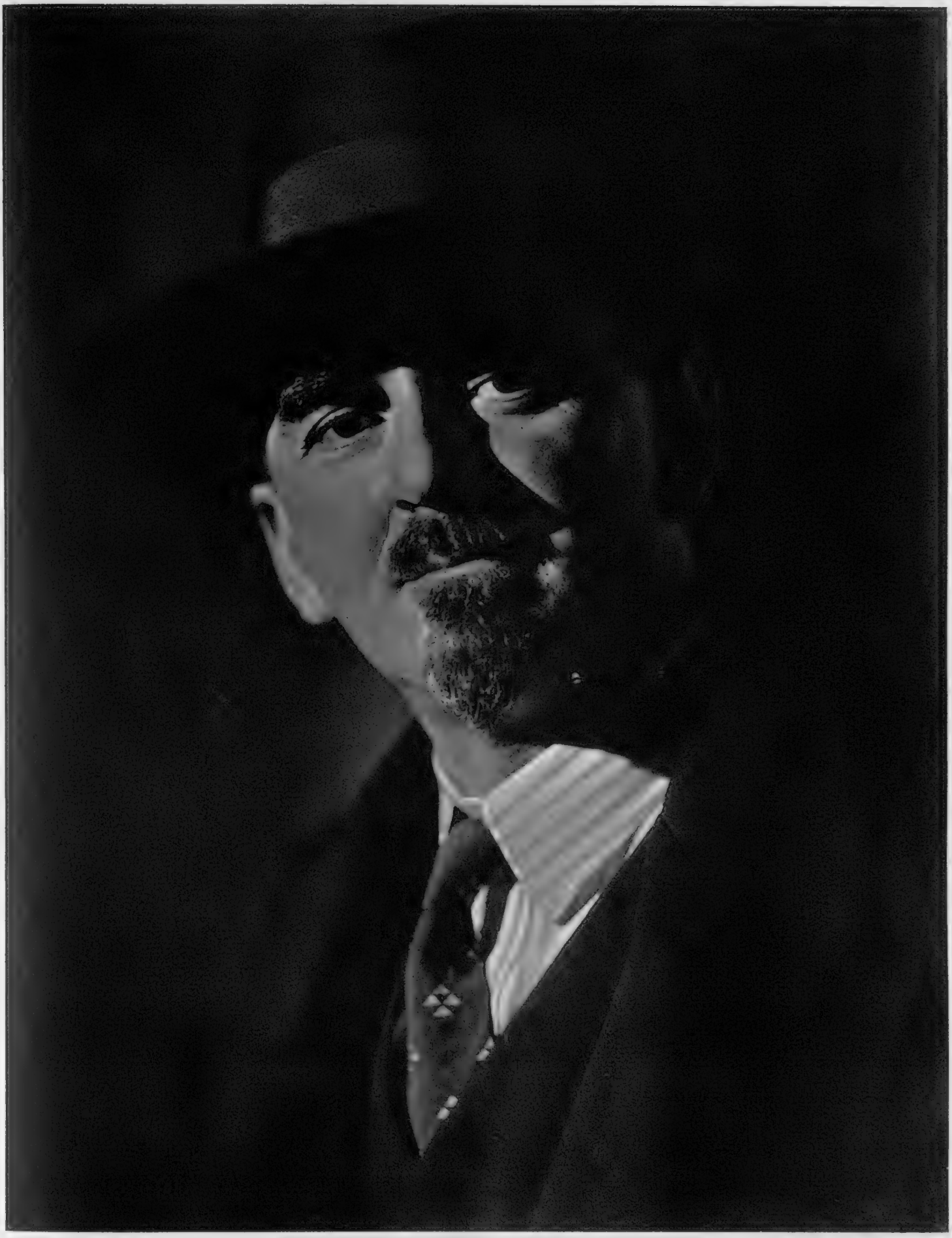
In my opinion Wales have the more dangerous players behind the scrummage. A back division composed of Tanner, Cliff Jones or Davies, Davey and Wooller, Arthur Bassett and Rees-Jones, of Oxford, with Jenkins at full-back—such a back division might well slash their way right through the New Zealand defence.

Whether Wales will pick Davies or Jones to partner Tanner at half-back I don't know. A choice between orthodoxy and brilliance, and how lucky the Welsh Selectors are to be able to pause between two such players!

HOPE runs high in Wales. If Swansea could beat New Zealand, they say, Wales can follow suit. But the more I think of that Swansea match, the more convinced I am that it was dead against form. Swansea played magnificently, admittedly; their forwards were heroic: Tanner and Davies took their chances; Claude Davey's tackling was great: the whole performance was splendid, and I would not dream of suggesting that anything less than eternal credit goes to Swansea for it. It is, nevertheless, a fact that New Zealand were without Oliver, Griffiths and Hadley, and that Tindill was rather lost at stand-off half, and allowed young Davies to wander much too freely. The New Zealand pack, moreover, had not even begun to settle down, and Wales will discover how much those forwards have developed since then.

No; we can take no line through Swansea on Saturday's prospects. If Wales suddenly played as a team, applying their strength properly in the scrummage, heeling quickly, working together, I should say that the betting was about even, for it may take New Zealand a little while to accustom themselves to the atmosphere of Cardiff on such a great occasion. Nowhere in the world, I think, are players forced to be so conscious of the crowd as they are at Cardiff, though perhaps by now the All Blacks have become accustomed to the powerful effects of mass enthusiasm.

MY own opinion is that New Zealand will win with that quiet and steady ruthlessness which characterises their play in the big matches. They will take no chances during the game, nor will they miss any. In fact, Wales will have to play superlative football to beat the All Blacks.



Howard Coster

Low — Cartoonist

Yes, this is what he's like, the brilliant "Evening Standard" cartoonist—dark, neat-bearded, thick-eyebrowed, and wearer of one of the biggest black hats in Fleet Street (where he doesn't often go). David Low was born in Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1891, became the political cartoonist on the Christchurch "Spectator" when he was twenty-one, thence to the Sydney "Bulletin," to the London "Star" in 1919, and then, in 1927, he found himself, extreme left wing as to politics, on the staff of a hotly pro-Empire, isolationist paper of the right. What he and the proprietor have in common can be little more than a dislike of the Government. For the rest, he lives in North London, has a wife and two daughters, likes walking, golf and films, is independent in what he says as in what he thinks, and makes amusing, uncomplimentary after-dinner speeches

Markova and Dolin

London Sees Them Next Week As Stars of Their Own Ballet Company

Alicia Markova in Her Bakst Dress for "Carnaval"

The Markova-Dolin Ballet Company opens its London season at the Duke of York's on December 23rd, after a preliminary tour of the provinces. The Company was formed in the summer, Markova having left the Vic-Wells Company at the end of their last season. She and Anton Dolin have collected a corps de ballet of thirty-nine British dancers, of whom Prudence Hyman, Wendy Toye, Diana Gould, Stanley Judson, Keith Lester, Harcourt Algeranoff are a few. Besides "Sylphides," "Casse Noisette," "Carnaval," the répertoire includes a number of new ballets: "David," by Poppea Vanda, "The Nightingale and the Rose," arranged by Anton Dolin from the Wilde story; Wendy Toye's "Aucassin and Nicolette," "Show Folk," a circus ballet by Susan Salaman. "Swan Lake" and "Giselle," in both of which Markova dances so exquisitely, have been given new settings and costumes

Dolin in "Casse Noisette"

Dolin in "Aucassin and Nicolette"

"Aucassin and Nicolette" is a new ballet by Wendy Toye, a member of the Company, to Josef Holbrooke's music, and with décor and dresses by Motley

Markova in "Casse Noisette"

"Casse Noisette" is one of the three or four classics in the répertoire of the Company; William Chappell, who dances at Sadler's Wells and is well known there and elsewhere as a décor-designer, is responsible for the setting and dresses

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

Sir Hamilton Harty has been conductor-in-chief and musical adviser of the London Symphony Orchestra since 1933; he is, however, only conducting two of their concerts in the 1935-6 season. His other appearances this winter include one concert with the London Philharmonic Orchestra (in November), and two with the B.B.C., in the first of which was played William Walton's new symphony. Harty is fifty-five, was born in County Down, took musical degrees in Dublin, Manchester and Belfast, is well-known in America as a conductor and in Australia since his tour last year. He is a composer also, his most important works being "An Irish Symphony," and a violin and a piano concerto. His wife (they were married in 1904) is well known on her own account as a singer; as Agnes Nicholls she has sung at Covent Garden, at innumerable musical festivals in England, and has toured most of the world. She is a director of the British National Opera Company and a C.B.E.

Photographs by Sasha

Sir Hamilton Harty

Conductor - in - Chief of the London Symphony Orchestra

If he can say as you can

Guinness is good for you

How grand to be a Toucan

Just think what Toucan do

G.E.490.

Frightening

Deep-Dyed Villains of the
Through Garretto's Eyes

Edward G. Robinson

He leers and scowls and bullies and gets young, innocent girls into his clutches: he's done a lot of frightening-man parts since everyone talked of him in "Tiger Shark." "Two Seconds" and "Little Cæsar" were films of his, and more recently "The Man With Two Faces" and "Passport to Fame." Now he's making "Money Man," by Dashiell Hammett, who wrote that king-thriller, "The Thin Man." In private life, he's a good deal of an art connoisseur, collects modern French and American painters, and has the best gallery of etchings in Hollywood

THESE frightening-men portraits have been done specially for the "Bystander" by Paolo Garretto, the Italian-born cartoonist who works mostly for French and American magazines. He's a bit of a genius, Mr. Garretto, unkind as satirical caricaturists are, but so truthful underneath his decorative cynicism that he's almost as alarming as his present victims can be in their ways

Peter Lorre

That bland smile of his is ten times as nasty as the f villains. You saw him in "M," and some months a "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Since then he's to play the criminology student in von Sternberg's fil Punishment." Now he's back in England working for as the Hairless Mexican in Somerset Maugham's

Men

Screen

. . .

frowns from lesser
ago in Hitchcock's
been to Hollywood
lm of "Crime and
or Hitchcock again
s "Secret Agent"

Charles Laughton

Here's our own home-grown villain, and it's not parochial pride to think him the most powerful, sinister, and versatile of them all. His Tony Perelli in "On the Spot," his Mr. Barrett in the film of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," his detective in "Les Misérables" were three of his most alarming rôles. When "Captain Bligh" comes to be shown, we guess he will have outdone in sadism and villainy even his own black past. In their methods of inferring with a smile and a glance what very unpleasant fellows they can be, he and Peter Lorre are of the same quiet, suggestive school

To warm your blood

It was the Imperial Court of Russia in the days of Catherine the Great that first discovered the virtues of Barclay's Russian Stout. Since then many wise men of the West have followed suit and taken kindly to this 'vintage' stout, matured in bottle, which strengthens the body and cheers the soul.

The presentation case of a dozen makes a splendid gift—and don't forget one for yourself!

Barclay's RUSSIAN STOUT

Matured at least a year in bottle—and goes on maturing

John Everard

LADY POULETT—ORIEL ROSS—JACK OF THE BEANSTALK

Here's a principal boy that will make Manchester rub its eyes. The lovely Countess Poulett is making her stage come-back since her marriage in the summer as Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Palace (Manchester), where the pantomime tradition is very strong and principal boys are as handsome, principal girls as lovely, and dames as old and funny as anywhere in the country. This is a début for Oriel Ross as principal boy, and so it is for little Victoria Hopper, who plays whatever the heroine is called in the legend of Jack and the Ogre

EMPIRE

Princess Bishnu of Nepal

H. H. the Princess Bishnu of Nepal is one of the prettiest of Westernised oriental Royalties, but wisely wears Indian dress for London parties. Visits Paris, Scotland and the Riviera at fashionable moments, with her husband

Mrs. Hugh Kindersley

Is the delightful brunette wife of Sir Robert Kindersley's eldest son, was Nancy Boyd of Toronto before marrying young in '21. Always travelling — usually smiling

Lady Bettie Walker

Has just got back to her Outspan Hotel, a hundred miles from Nairobi. Attractive, good-tempered and hard-working, she's the sixth of Lord Denbigh's seven daughters, and one of Kenya Colony's First Ladies

Mrs. Geoffrey Joel

Right : Mrs. Geoffrey Joel, who was Mrs. Keld Fenwick and conquered war-time London as Peggy Marsh, glamorous American dancer, is wintering in South Africa with her husband, "Solly" Joel's nephew

Mrs. "Johnny" Dewar

Right : Mrs. A. J. Dewar is South African and was Kathleen Beart, of Johannesburg, before her first marriage. Has one MacNeil daughter of nearly sub-debutante size and many lovely possessions, including a new-old country house and a new London flat. Very smart and very lucky. Enjoys it all

Mrs. Gerald Portman

Is a delightful and decorative Canadian, née Marjorie Bentley Gerrard, from Montreal. Intelligent and interested in progressive good works, she also likes watching polo and going places. Husband Lord Portman's cousin

Mrs. Simon Brand

Her dress sense is known to the Ritz clientèle of Paris and London, but she is also a keen business woman and a director of South African companies. Daughter Mala prefers Mayfair, but mother sometimes goes back home

Lady Moon

Looks like an Aubrey Beardsley drawing with her dark cloud of hair and interesting pallor; was Constance Green Abbott, from New Zealand. She divorced Sir Arthur Moon, Bt., last year, and makes her home in the heart of Mayfair. A Florida regular

Right : Mrs. John Gilroy was Mona Rudd, from Johannesburg. Her husband is in the 9th, comes from Fife. They sailed for Christmas in South Africa

Mrs. John Gilroy

Lady Stubbs

The wife of the Governor of Ceylon is English, but has spent her life in so many far corners of the Empire that she has friends in Hong-Kong, Java, Cyprus, Malaya, West Africa and Japan, so will receive an assortment of Christmas mail at Government Lodge, Colombo

Dowager Countess of Darnley

Above: Lady Darnley, who is a Dame of the British Empire, is from Victoria, N.S.W., and was Florence Rose Morphy. Grand-daughter, Lady Marguerite Strickland, has same second name. Lives near her artistic and musical son, in Kent. Second son, Noel Bligh, also paints

Right: Mrs. Gerry Koch de Gooreynd was Elizabeth Woods, from Ontario, and married Captain Derek Murphy, Irish Guards, as her first husband. An exquisite little porcelain shepherdess, perfectly dressed, she goes racing less frequently now—a cause for depression on the Turf

Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd

Mrs. Richard Johnson

Was Jean Fleming: has all the verve and dogged cheerfulness characteristic of Canadians, though she has lived here some years. Is asked to the Prince's parties. Has innumerable women friends in London and across the ocean. A jolly woman. Shortly visiting native city, Montreal

CALLING . . .

People Posting Christmas Presents Far Afield

Princess Rajkunvarda of Sant

H. H. the Princess Rajkunvarda of Sant has been staying at the Savoy with her brother, H. H. the Prince of Kutch, before sailing back to India. Very young and picturesque to look at, she enjoyed London nights, especially cabaret shows, and also attended some semi-official parties

Princess Brinda of Kapurthala

H.H. the Princess Brinda of Kapurthala, is a great beauty who has captured the West, including New York, where she was fêted this fall before going to California and on to India to join her husband in the New Year. Jewellery one hundred per cent authentic

Mrs. Hugh Campbell

Entertains so generously in Ascot week, is married to a gallant Scottish Colonel (seven times wounded, D.S.O. and Bar), was Lillian Coles from Vancouver, B.C. Has gentle manners that are much admired

Right: Lady Dunn, wife of Canadian magnate, was the first Lady Queensberry, and before that, Irene Richards. Is dazzlingly pretty, with auburn hair and teeth like well-matched pearls. Elder daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, just coming out

Lady Dunn

Miss Bee Batlivala

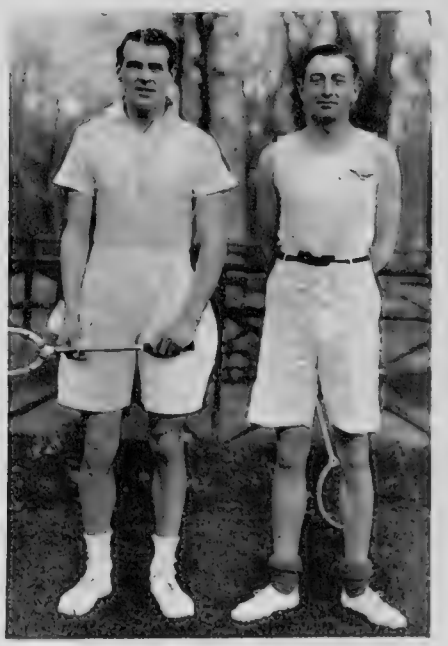
The young Parsee barrister who has so many friends, is spending Christmas in Baroda, where she has just accepted an official appointment from the Gaekwar of Baroda—another emancipated step. Rides well and plays polo

Star Squash Players

The American Team and Some English Champions

The American Team

Here's the first team photograph of the Americans who have come over to play the leading English clubs and University sides; they have also been competing in the Amateur Championship. Left to right: D. J. Nightingale, R. R. Coffin (Philadelphia), D. Strachan (Philadelphia), U.S. champion; Seymour Knox (Buffalo), captain; N. Sullivan (Philadelphia), U.S. champion in 1934; A. Willinger Patterson (Philadelphia)



R.A.F. Champion

Flying-Officer J. W. C. More won the R.A.F. Championship after terrific semi-final and final matches of over an hour each. With him is Flying-Officer J. L. H. Fletcher, R.A.F. lawn tennis champion

Right: Nugent beat David Strachan, the American champion, in a five-game match in the Amateur Championship. He also once got within two points of defeating Amr Bey

G. R. H. Nugent

Naval Champion

Sub-Lieut. Geoffrey Vavasour (right) has won the Navy Championship for the third time; he is only just twenty-one. The other finalist was Lieut.-Com. F. E. Chevallier (left). Vavasour is Sir Leonard Vavasour's only son

Edward Snell

Snell was Amr Bey's likeliest challenger in the Amateur Championship. He's been four times South of England champion, and was runner-up to Amr Bey in the 1932 Amateur

Right: Douglas Burnett, R.E., won the Army Championship by beating J. D. Blois, Irish Guards, by 9—6, 9—3, 9—3. He was a Cambridge tennis Blue two years ago

Army Champion

"Bystander" Short Story No. 16

She had black hair, and her eyes seemed to be a deep black, too; and their colour matched her mood. She did not take any notice at all of Sam or the rest of the people in Tony's

Sketch by Clark Fay

Spring in Manhattan

By Hugh Longden

It was round about a quarter to one in the earliness of an April morning, and Sam Perry, the young millionaire, was sitting on one of the high stools of the bar on Tony's speakeasy in New York City.

Outside, the sky was sprinkled with stars, and somewhere above the East River hung a young crescent moon.

But Sam did not know about this, and to him it might just as well have been snowing, because he had drunk enough not to care.

Right now he was alone at the short bar, except for Mike, the big nigger bartender. Sam was dressed in a blue double-breasted dinner jacket. Underneath it he was tanned all over, practically, because that was another of his diversions at the Atlantic Beach Club in Florida.

Behind him were grouped little tables with couples drinking and talking, whispering and laughing, or sometimes just sitting silent and being . . . The same people who came night after hectic night just to find a place to go where they wouldn't have to be alone with themselves.

Sam did not want to talk to a single one of them. Because, if you are a young millionaire, people fawn on you all the time, especially women. And that's just what he was more bored with than anything else . . .

"What the devil is wrong with me, anyhow?" Sam wondered. "Once the spring used to mean something to me and give me a kick inside and a tingling all over. . . . But now it doesn't mean as much as flat champagne. . . . And if

I smell honeysuckle, or clover in the evening grass, it doesn't mean any more than the reek of stale gin. . . . Or most likely I wouldn't notice it at all!" He was in a truly morbid mood.

Suddenly he found he was no longer alone at the bar, because now there was a girl sitting at one of the stools at the opposite end, drinking a lime rickey.

This girl was very solemn, although she wore the brightest and gayest evening gown Sam had ever laid eyes on. It seemed spun out of blue gossamer the colour of cornflowers, and it must have been a very expensive creation indeed. In fact, with the string of pearls round her white neck, it must have made quite a hole in the bank-roll of whatever man had been lucky enough to pay for it.

But, whatever sum *that* might have been, he'd still have been lucky because she was inside it. Sam was quite sure about that.

She had black hair, and her eyes seemed to be a deep black, too; and their colour matched her mood. She did not take any notice at all of Sam or the rest of the people in Tony's.

She was intent on her glass and seemed to be listening for something to happen; and her face as she listened was almost white. Even so, wrapt and intent, she did not look to Sam a night more than rising twenty-one.

"She's lovely. She's different from the rest. And I ought to know . . ." Sam thought. "I'll cheer her up and maybe myself, too," and, winking at Mike, he moved his drink over to the stool next to hers and said in his politest voice:

"Good-evening."

Now, from close up, he saw that her eyes weren't black at all, but a very deep blue that reminded him of the colour of the gentians in the Swiss mountains.

But she did not so much as smile at Sam. Ignoring him altogether, she turned to Mike and said:

"Give me another lime rickey, please."

Her voice was low and musical, but very solemn, and it reminded Sam of a church bell in a village.

Now, to be ignored was a new sensation to Sam, and it gave him the biggest kick he'd had since he travelled incognito to London, England. So when Mike came back with the drink he took it himself, although he hardly ever mixed gin with his bourbon, and told him to bring another for the girl. He gulped his in one swallow, and said:

"To the spring! Happy nights!"

Then, as she still ignored him, Sam started to fall for her in earnest. "If she would only look at me, though, it would make it a whole lot easier," he thought. "Her and me. Life would begin to mean something then—the honeysuckle—the clean grass after the rain—and lying awake listening to the wind and watching the sky lighten would be fun again—together. . . .

"And if I had her I wouldn't mind a bit if I didn't have any more bourbon . . . because I'd sort of have her instead . . . and there wouldn't be any more lonely aloneness . . .

"And maybe some Christmas Eve in the afterwards I will dress up as Santa Claus and we'll be so excited together putting toys in the kids' stockings. . . . If only she isn't in love, and if only she isn't just drunk so that when she's sober again she'll start getting polite and ineffectual and fawning . . ."

Then, wondering what to do next, he said to Mike: "Bring us a ham sandwich each."

Now, for a moment, she turned her big gentian eyes on him, and said in her low voice with the bell in it:

"If you're ordering one for me you needn't bother, because I don't feel like eating. Why did you buy me a drink, anyway?" Then she turned away as if dismissing him.

Sam thought, "Gosh! This is swell! She's saying this to me and telling me to get to hell out of her company!" Aloud, he said to her:

"It'll do you good to eat a sandwich and blot up some of that gin that's soaking around in you." Because he thought he would try handing her the same sort of line that she was giving him.

"If only she would look at me and not through me. . . . If only she would recognise me—after all, I'm not so hard to look at. . . ." And he stared at his reflection in the long mirror behind the bar. "As a matter of fact, I'm much easier to look at than to live inside." Now, unintentionally, he said that aloud, and she heard it and turned to him and said: "Oh! . . . Are you feeling that way, too?" And for the first time there was a note of interest in her voice, and a flicker of a smile hovered about her lips. But still she was always listening to something that must be going on behind their conversation, or outside of Tony's, some place a long way off. However, it was enough to make Sam's brown eyes smile as he said: "Yes, that's me—Sam Perry."

Just like that he said it, as one might say: "I'm Mussolini."

But it didn't mean a thing to her, and there was no gleam of recognition in her eyes, though they softened perhaps half a shade.

Then she was talking again:

"Well, if you're feeling like that, I don't mind if I do talk to you. Because when two people in the world feel that way at the same moment, they certainly ought to do something about it to cheer each other up."

"Thanks," said Sam simply. "I think so, too." He was getting quite humble for the first time in his life. And for the first time in his life he was going to ask a girl to marry him. He knew that now, quite suddenly.

"If she says 'Yes' I'll believe in everything again. In God, in the spring, in anything. . . . Can I ask her now? She'll think I'm drunk, of course. . . . 'Sam Perry proposes to strange girl in speakeasy.' . . . Tabloids. . . . Why not, anyway? Life *is* like that. You wait thirty years and then something happens that changes the world for you as quickly as that. Love comes like that . . . and death. . . . You wait, killing time, fooling around with love—and then, in a split second, happiness happens—if it happens at all."

She actually smiled at Sam now, and it gave him the queerest feeling of happiness. "I don't mind if I do drink with you now," she went on; "and you can call me Jill. And I'm going to call you Sammy, whether you like it or not—just to cheer you up."

Sam heard her say this quite distinctly, and he heard himself answering:

"Thank you, Jill. I do like it, and—and it's terribly sweet of you." He was a little overcome, and for once did not know how to go on with a conversation.

"There are two things I must find out at once, or else I will start drinking again. And then I may forget to ask them, and everything will be too late . . ."

He chewed a bit of sandwich, and said—maybe because the ham in it had given him courage:

"You aren't married, are you, Jill?" The silence lasted a long time. Then she said, as if she'd been expecting him to say this: "I was, Sammy. But my husband's dead now."

He had to lean forward a little and hold his breath to hear her. Then he let his breath go:

"And you aren't in love with him still? Or with someone else, Jill?" It felt as if he wasn't using his own tongue.

"No, Sammy. I'm not in love with anyone at all. I only hate them."

A surge of relief wound itself round Sam's heart and rocked it to and fro.

"Then, Jill, will you marry me?"

It came straight from the heart, out of a smoky, drink-sodden speakeasy. But outside in the world it was spring . . .

Again she didn't seem surprised, and her answer came quickly, low and distinct:

"Sammy . . . I can't marry you . . . although it might have been nice. Thank you for asking me, Sammy. I can't even let you take me home. Because I won't be going there—any more."

And when she had said this she looked towards the door and went on listening, more intently than ever.

The relief unwrapped itself from around Sam's heart, and the spring tide that was starting at last to flow into it went a long way off. There was something fatal behind her words that burnt itself into him.

Something compelled him to look towards the door, too, and to start listening with her.

But, just the same, while they were watching and listening, they went on talking.

"Why can't you, Jill?" Even as he asked he knew there was something inevitable that was going to come in on them.

"Because I've just killed a man, Sam—my husband," she said out of tightened lips, her voice cold and low and solemn.

The line of their eyes met somewhere over by the peep-hole of the door. They did not dare to look at each other. Sam could hear his heart beating quite plainly, but he heard nothing else, although there was the usual racket going on inside Tony's.

"My God!" he thought. "What is this she's saying? Now I know she's

(Continued on page vi)

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Lenare

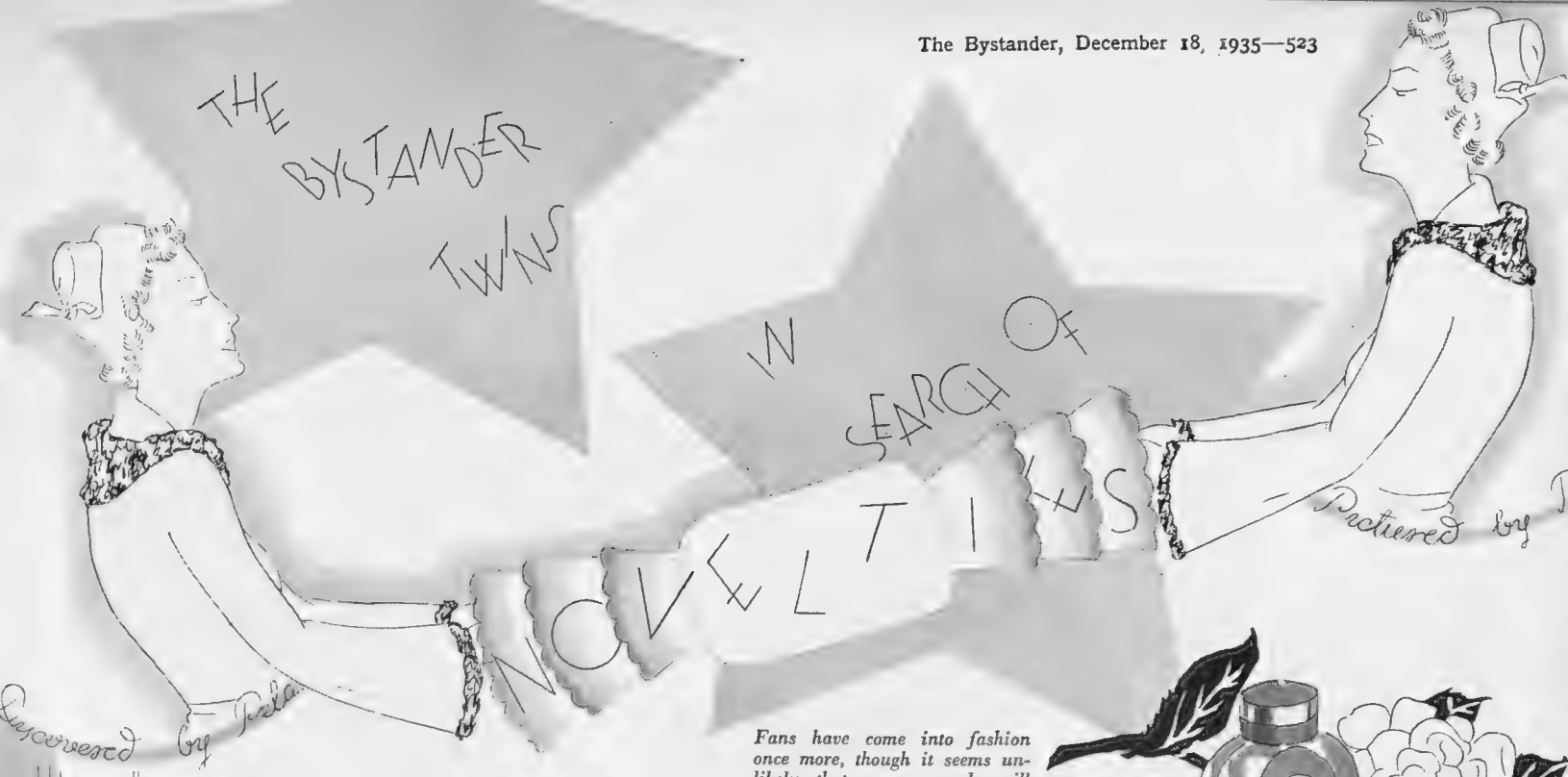
A long-sleeved evening frock is always an invaluable possession, as there are so many occasions when it may be worn with success. At week-end parties in a country house, for example, or cocktail "At Homes" which entail staying on to dinner. The seated figure is wearing a black dinner frock in silk cloqué from the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is cut on simple but very graceful lines, with a slim-fitting skirt and full sleeves which are gauged on the shoulder and drawn into a wrist-band. The Victorian neckline is supported by narrow shoulder-straps and outlined with a wide band of ermine, the tails of which form a jabot effect in front. Red and silver tinsel cloqué is used for another lovely frock designed for similar occasions. It is perfectly plain, save for a yoke of silver bead embroidery round the neck and on the hip pockets

"The Rivals"—

Indian Lamb Meets Somali Leopard

One of the most noticeable features about furs this season is the extensive use of flat-haired pelts, both for coats and trimming. Indian lamb, American broadtail, and leopard are all very fashionable, also bronze seal. The latter recalls memories of years gone by when a sealskin jacket was a treasured possession which was handed down from generation to generation, and only worn for special occasions. Pictured on this page are two handsome "saunter" coats from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The model above is made in grey Indian lamb with diagonal pockets and wide revers. The collar is of interest as it is cut to fit closely round the back of the neck, which makes it extra warm. It is admirably tailored with a slight backward swing, and is equally suitable for town or country, while the price is 59 guineas. Somali leopard makes the coat on the right, which is primarily designed for sports and country wear. It is warm and yet light, hard-wearing and extremely becoming with its adjustable Russian mink tie. No one should miss an opportunity of visiting this department, as there are coats, capes, and wraps at prices to suit everybody

Philip Harben


THE BYSTANDER TWINS
IN SEARCH OF
NOVELTIES
Discovered by Pela
Pictured by

An original Christmas card would be a door-stopper such as this one, which may be seen at Asprey's, 165, Bond Street. It is china, and its shape suggests a Skye-terrier. Needless to say, these salons are full of unusual and very acceptable gifts

Fans have come into fashion once more, though it seems unlikely that many people will adopt the "language of the fan." The one pictured below comes from Liberty, Regent Street, and is made of shell with shaded feathers. It costs 6s. 6d.

Gardenia is the name of Bronn ley's new perfume. Its fragranc so closely resembles that of the rea flower, that to use it is like bein in a garden. There are, as well Talcum powder, bath-salts, an soap, all with the same scent The containers are modern an artistic, the colour-scheme bein jet black, white and silve

Dumb-bell cocktail shakers are among the novelties to be seen at Asprey's. They are silver-plated, and cost £3 . 10s. Each one holds a pint and a half of liquid, and there are glasses of a similar shape

Amusing crackers and decorative "set pieces" for the table are being shown in the restaurant at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street The Guardsman seen on the right is packed with toys, and only costs 6s. 6d. Children will just adore it

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Fine Autobiography: By A. G. Macdonell

It used to require courage, as well as old age and vast experience of men and affairs, to write your autobiography. Nowadays it seems to be the usual thing for young men or women who have written half-a-dozen novels and cannot think up a plot for a seventh, to sit down and pour out to a presumably eager world the story of their lives. Usually the result is exceptionally dull. And this flood of childish prattle has made the world a little distrustful of autobiographies. But you need have no qualms about Mr. Negley Farson's *The Way of a Transgressor* (Gollancz; 10s.), for of its type it is just about the most fascinating book imaginable. It consists of 600 pages of sheer delight. Astounding adventures, wildly and gaily reckless feats, ups-and-downs, vast travels, all come jostling each other so fast and furiously that you get out of breath trying to keep abreast of the tide.

General Polovtsoff

Was formerly on the Imperial Russian General Staff and is now chairman of the Sporting Club Committee at Monte Carlo. He is the author of "Glory and Downfall," published by Bell

A country-bred child in New Jersey, Mr. Farson began his life in the best of all possible ways, very close to the soil. He learned to fish and canoe and swim and trap and shoot, and his country-made physique turned him later on into a champion athlete. As an engineer he worked with an old-fashioned British firm in Liverpool where the ideal was Quality, not Quantity, and when the war broke out he had the most fantastic adventures in Russia, trying to land contracts for munitions for the Russian armies. This part of the book makes grim reading. The Russian peasants were dying in tens of thousands on the Eastern front, while the officials and profiteers in Petrograd were deliberately holding up munitions until they had been sufficiently bribed. Mr. Farson reckons that sometimes there were nine middlemen—each of whom had to get his rake-off—between the arrival of a consignment at Archangel and its arrival in the front line. The appalling tale makes it possible to understand why Lenin found his material so ready to his hand. Mr. Farson draws brilliant pictures of the port of Archangel during this tragic time, and of the desperate scramble for contracts, and of the swindling and counter-swindling. Then came the Revolution, and things changed abruptly. Mr. Farson went to London, pretended to be a Canadian, and joined the R.F.C. Smashed to bits in a crash in Egypt, he was invalided out, and returned to America to find a job. His post-war experiences are not less variegated or exciting, and it is quite impossible to lay the book down. There is one delicious Americanism in it which I simply must chronicle: Mr. Farson's brother—an officer in the U.S. Navy—describes Nelson as Britain's John Paul Jones!

I fancy that *The Way of a Transgressor* will take its place as one of the minor classics of the two decades from 1914 to 1935, and that it will come to be regarded as an important contribution not only to literature but also to social history.

"Two and Two Make Five" (Newnes; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories by Mr. Vernon Knowles. As the title suggests, the stories are not much concerned with reality or possibility, but rather soar away into fantastic heights. In fact, they are strongly reminiscent of the writings of Mr. Algernon Blackwood. Ancient and terrifying crones remove the souls of promising young burghers so that they can be callous without a twinge of conscience; diabolical compositions for the piano evoke frightful Things in the air; prize onions grow and grow until they are miles high and miles wide and have to be destroyed by dynamite; insurance agents get imprisoned in their own portraits; and many other such weird things happen. There is no doubt that Mr. Knowles is a very good story-teller, with an excellent power of description and a fine sense of the dramatic. But I must confess that I wish he used his powers for less fanciful ends. Lord Dunsany, with his superb Jorkens, has shown how fancifulness and realism can be brilliantly combined, and it seems to me that Mr. Knowles might well explore along the same sort of lines. The trouble with terrifying old witches is that they do not really terrify. They are much more liable to bore.

Bassano

The Hon. Theodora Benson

Is pushing ahead rapidly as an author, and her new book, "The Unambitious Journey," is reviewed on this page. Chapman and Hall are the publishers

The real Mackay, as distinct from the fanciful, appears at once when we turn to Mr. L. A. G. Strong's book of short stories, *Tuesday Afternoon* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). Although Mr. Strong is obviously throwing off these pieces as a recreation between two of his major works, none the less the hall-mark of the craftsman is upon them all. Even if the theme may be of the slightest, the realism of the writings makes the characters alive and vivid. The pathetic little schoolmaster, for instance, in the title-story is a real figure. He does nothing much, no one in the story does anything much, but you feel sorry for the poor little devil, and you would not do that if he was an insurance clerk imprisoned in a picture. One is alive, the other has always been dead. In another schoolmaster story, Mr. Strong takes a tiny, trivial theme, and suddenly invests it with all the quality of high tragedy in a few short sentences. This tale, *The Imposition*, approaches the brilliance of the great French masters of the nineteenth century in its deadly, polished, irony.

I seem to spend a lot of time reviewing books by Miss Theodora Benson. Only the other day there was one, if I remember right, in which she spoke sharply about us poor defenceless Scots, and now here she is again with *The Unambitious Journey* (Chapman and Hall; 15s.). Her adjective is much too modest. Her journey through the Balkans led her to strange, exciting, out-of-the-way places, and her travelling was done in the unorthodox, unconventional manner of the true traveller; that is to say, the seeker after new things. "If the Gryphon had asked us with what porpoise we were going, we should have tried to evade the question. But it was beautiful, and we had fun." That is the right spirit. I have no doubt that Marco Polo said very much the same thing. Miss Benson, with Miss Betty Askwith, went to Ragusa and the Dalmatian coast, where Napoleon's Marmont made the roads and the bridges, and through Montenegro to Albania, and to Athens and through Greece and to Istanbul. Miss Benson is at her best—and a very interesting best, too—in her description of the Parthenon. I think Miss Benson must be the first intelligent person in the world who has ever visited the Parthenon without knowing the first thing about it beforehand. She went with a completely open, unprejudiced mind, and her impressions come white-hot from the pen. *The Unambitious Journey* is an infinitely better book than its too-modest title would suggest.

BOOTH'S

Matured DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT

BOOTH'S READY-MIXED COCKTAILS

These attractive Tantalus Cases contain three bottles of Booth's well-known Cocktails. A choice from these varieties: Martini (Sweet or Dry); Bronx; Manhattan; John Collins. 32/- per case.

The better the gin
The better the Christmas cocktail

Good cheer for Christmas! Booth's, the matured Dry Gin, comes in a new and attractive single-bottle packing for the festive season. The ideal solution to your gift problem—give Booth's—for pure enjoyment! Christmas packings of 2, 3 and 6 bottles are also available.

Willing

Golf Clubs At Home

Ipswich Golf Club, Purdis Heath, Ipswich

A View of the Club-House

(1) F. Savory, W. Christopherson (president) and A. V. P. Rowlands (secretary). (2) J. W. Turnbull, Dr. A. M. N. Pringle and Dr. J. Ewing. (3) C. Catchpole (captain) and H. Maynard (professional). (4) H. Deck, R. H. Brewer and J. Bone. (5) W. J. Spooner (committeeman) and W. T. Abell. (6) E. R. Oxborrow and P. J. Quinton. (7) C. D. Fenn and F. G. Mills. (8) W. Jervis and Dr. R. I. Hyder

There's a good drink coming when the syphon *says* . . .

Schweppes Soda Water is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Left: members of the Bradford Golf Club who won the Yorkshire Inter-Club Match Shield this year for the second time. They are Miss Morgan, Miss C. Rhodes, Miss Campenett, Miss Pratt, Mrs. McEwan, the captain, Miss Chippendale, Mrs. Kinghorn, Mrs. Johnstone, and Mrs. Buchan

Below: the Brocton Hall Golf Club's Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes went off as successfully as ever this year. On the right are the winners, J. B. Beddard and Miss Aline Dobson, with Captain Charles Todd, the secretary, and the runners-up, N. A. Seers and Miss P. Moore

Women's Golf:

The New Ball

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

REAL keenness over club matches is always a healthy sign in a county, as well as the best of reasons why any particular club should come through a team contest. Bradford is just such a club. Mrs. McEwan, the captain for 1935, had but to tell her team of a fixture and everything was put aside for it; only once has she had to call on a reserve in all the eight matches which go to make up the season for the Yorkshire Inter-Club Match Shield. Result, a win of it for Bradford, who were also the winners in 1928. In the semi-final they beat Sheffield by 5 to 2, in the final they did not allow Leeds to win a single match from them. Very good going that, and Bradford must be heartily congratulated.

WHATEVER our own personal opinion or pleasure may be in hitting the present-day ball, there is no denying that something must be done to curb the skill of the golf-ball manufacturer, who now produces a ball which the best men can hit so far that even the most classic courses are ruined. So, incidentally, are the clubs who own them. Further and further back go the tees; more fairway to keep, more land to rent, or feu, or buy—a terrible thought in these days, when municipalities are apt to own courses and may therefore get back their expenditure on such through the rates that we poor wretches pay. A first-class man not only expects to, but does, hit the ball three hundred yards or more every time; even the lady touches the two-fifty mark pretty consistently. And the result is we all walk most unnecessary miles, and even then the poor men get no brassey play, whilst we women get far too much, from our infatuation for playing over courses stretched to suit the men who are hitting the present ball this awful distance.

NOW, what is the right method of curing this ill I do not presume to say. If I try to look wise and say: "It 's no good bringing in a 1·62 ball; the makers can make that go as far as the present one if they want to; it must be a 1·75"—I am merely being a parrot; and I rather suspect that the majority of women would be nothing better. If not one, why the other?

But I do know that it was very interesting to see Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Molly Gourlay, two "pros," and eight first-class amateurs on the one side, and combined pairs of Oxford and Cambridge on the other, using a ball which the Silver King Company had made up for trial. That foursomes were played all day, with certain changes of partners; that the only winning pair for the Universities were Mr. Winton and Mr. Fisher, who beat Miss Gourlay and Mr. Raymond Oppenheimer, was really beside the point. The point was: how did the ball behave, and what did they think of it?

SOME people's opinion was obviously coloured by their own personal like or dislike of it, how it suited their game, or the reverse; others swallowed their own predilections, and spoke pro bono publico in its favour; others frankly did not think much of it. But the majority of opinion seemed to be favourable.

Just the effect it had varied a little. A golf ball is very like a savage animal; if it knows you are afraid and distrustful, it bites you; treat it fearlessly as a friend, and it serves you well. One or two at Addington were bitten viciously.

The ball is precisely the same size as the present-day ball, but it is much lighter. It is, in fact, a small floater, with a nice bramble marking and a wonderful immunity to rough usage. Miss Wethered hit one mashie niblick tee shot very, very hard upon the head. I do not set this down in malice, (though the fact is interesting, because, in all the twelve championships in which I watched her, I never once saw her do such a thing), but so as to record that the ball was absolutely unharmed. Miss Wethered was of the opinion that the ordinary ball would have been cut right through with that shot. The men, according to Fred Robson, were losing about forty yards on their wooden shots with it, and taking about two clubs longer with irons; the women, according to both of them, lost comparatively little length with wood, and only needed one club longer with irons, the reason for that being that no woman, not even Miss Wethered, is capable of really getting the best out of the modern ball, which is too heavy to respond to any feminine force. Let no woman think from this she is going to hit this lighter ball better, but it would level up man and woman as regards length quite a lot.

THIS lighter ball has certain merits; it rises quickly and sweetly, and is definitely easier to get into the air. Mr. Ellis played a remarkable shot out of the pit and over the firs at the 6th on the New Course, which would have been almost impossible with the heavy ball. Also it pulls up pretty dead on pitching and it does not run further than it is hit on the green. Intentional pull or slice is easy to impart to it.

And there, say some, is its demerit. There is no hope for the hook or the push, the ball dives off to left or right as hit, and nothing saves it. Also, to keep it low or straight in a seaside gale would probably defeat the wit of most golfers.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Some "Bystander" 1936 Fixtures

March 31—April 3. Northern Foursomes at Seacroft.

April 21. Spring Medal Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey (both courses).

June 9—12. Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry.

Here's the smartest idea you've ever seen . . .

"TATTOO YOUR LIPS!"

4/6

TATTOO THEM WITH THIS EXCITING, LASTING, TRANSPARENT STAIN, INSTEAD OF COATING THEM

The idea came from the ever-so-romantic South Seas. An enduring *stain* for lips, instead of pasty coating. Luscious, exciting, transparent colour that really stays on *all day* and that never makes marks on handkerchiefs . . . or collars. And wonder of wonders! TATTOO actually makes lips invitingly soft . . . keeps them youthfully caressing . . . instead of drying them. Yes, actually. That's TATTOO, the modern lipstick. Here's how you do it: apply TATTOO just like ordinary lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off. Nothing remains on your lips but transparent colour. And *what* colour!

Everywhere these TATTOO SELECTORS invite actual test on your own skin

FOUR STARTLING NEW SHADES

NO. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

NO. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade — brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

NO. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood colour that is an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

NO. 4 is the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

TATTOO

Distributors: FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 2336

LONDON NIGHTS

Christmas Galas and Gaieties

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Sartori of the Dorchester

Right: Henri Sartori has been manager of the Dorchester restaurant for about three years. He came there from a migratory life between Le Touquet and the Negresco at Nice. He also started the open-air restaurant at La Garoupe five years ago

The Dorchester

THE Dorchester will be one of the star places to go for the Christmas, Boxing and New Year's Eve series of galas. The usual decorations and presents will be the rule, and judging by a recent visit on a non-extension night, there 'll be some competition to get in. Prices are thirty-five and twenty-five shillings for Christmas and Boxing nights, and three guineas for New Year's Eve. "Les Girls," who 'll be here till into 1936 anyway, are in just as good form after nearly three months in London as they were on their "come-back" night. It 's been commented on before, but they really do look as if they enjoyed themselves. Another repeated compliment is to the producer for making the show too short; one wants more of it, and therefore enjoys seeing it a third and fourth time. Diana Ward and the Caligary Brothers are still the only two turns and couldn't be better. She 's got a new song or two added to the old favourites, and the two solemn comedians make the sort of silly jokes one laughs at incurably all one's life.

Sartori is an impeccable ruler of his restaurant. Next time you go there just notice how good the service is, and how quiet. He is dark, swarthy and active, a great contrast to the quiet, reserved, white-haired Cigolini, manager of the hotel, who is generally to be seen unobtrusively looking round, and missing no far-flung detail from his stance at the back of the room.

Grosvenor House

UP the Lane a new floor show goes on to-night. The French beauties and "that girl with so little on" have departed, because their contracts made them. They were a great success and strong rivals to "Les Girls," at any rate spectacularly. Whether they got the Florida habit one doesn't seem to have heard.

Anyway, to-night Grosvenor House goes American again. Felix Ferry's régime is over and he 's been succeeded by Howard Deighton, girls-specialist and clever young American producer, who got his selecting eye working with Earl ("Vanities") Carroll and George ("Scandals") White.

Well, he 's said "Yes" with his own voice to each of the girls who 've graduated into "New York 1936"; besides their looks they each have a speciality act to recommend them.

Venetian Glamour in Mayfair

San Marco Restaurant
Devonshire House
Mayfair Place. London W.1.
Telephone Mayfair 4811.
Cuisine par excellence—under the personal direction of Humbert
Dancing to Mantovani's Venetian Orchestra.
MANAGING DIRECTOR GORDON W HALSEY

PRINCES'
TUDOR LOUNGE, PICCADILLY, W.1 (Opposite Sackville Street)
AFTERNOON TEAS 1/6
Served from 4 to 6 p.m. :: Orchestra

THE BEST CASE FOR CHRISTMAS
4 bottles Famous "GROUSE" Whisky
4 bottles "PINTAIL" Sherry
4 bottles "QUINTA SANTA MARTHA" high class old Tawny Port
For £5 carriage paid in Britain
6 BOTTLE CASE (2 of each quality) £2.10 carr. paid.
3 BOTTLE CASE (as above) 25/- postage paid.
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND. ESTD. 1800

"New York, 1936" at Grosvenor House

This is what you'll see at Grosvenor House from to-morrow night onwards: a very Broadway show of star cabaret acts, and a chorus of lovely girls in an amusingly New York-ish setting

The turns sound pretty starrish. Chaz Chase (good name) is a funny man. John Maxwell's sub-name is "the Mystery Voice," and he's been heard at the New York Lido. Donald Burr wanted to see London, so he turned down a contract with Earl Carroll; he's ex-University and over the air is publicised as "the voice of America." Billy Worth and Caryl Gould have a dancing act apiece and U.S.A. reputations.

As to galas, Christmas and Boxing Days are both on the list, at 25s. But New Year's Eve (at £2 12s. 6d.) is the biggest do: the huge ball-room is turned into a restaurant, and 1936 comes in accompanied by the traditional Grosvenor House surprise.

Café de Paris

POULSEN concentrates on having the best single-act cabaret in London and—for the Café de Paris and its regulars—how right he is, and how successful. . . . The Yacht Club Boys were the agreed top; Alice Delysia made a brilliant cabaret début; Lita Grey Chaplin has succeeded her, making her first appearance in London. She sings, and was Charlie Chaplin's second wife.

But there's better to come, and it's an idea of pure genius for the Christmas gala season. Borrah Minevitch, the harmonica king, and his Gorillas start their engagement on Boxing Night. They are quite superb, so good that, in America, where they come from, they've set a mouth-organ fashion to the extent of twenty-two million instruments a year being sold. And the point is, they're really funny as well as brilliant performers.

The new décor is most awfully attractive. The Café de Paris has never looked so nice as it does in its pale-green and off-white colour scheme, with the sofas and chair-seats in tobacco brown. It's all very light and fresh, which is so much more encouraging, and also becoming, than the half-light that used to be fashionable and is still all right for a night club around 4.30.

About Christmas—the Café is shut that day, but throws a gala on Boxing Day (plus those Gorillas and that

Lita Grey Chaplin

This lovely girl from America is appearing at the Café de Paris until Christmas. She's a "song stylist," which means she has her own way of being sentimental or funny, and was once Charlie Chaplin's second wife

AMOUR-PROPRE AT PRUNIER'S

Ultimately to arrive at Prunier's must be the height of a good fish's ambition. For there he is certain to be consumed only by the best people, in the most exclusive surroundings, to the accompaniment of the most princely wines. And presented, moreover, by a cuisine that has set the mouth of London watering ever since the famous House of Prunier crossed the Channel.

OYSTERS SHELLFISH LOBSTERS

PRUNIER

AND ALL KINDS OF FISH AND CAVIARE

RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON

(Telephone: REGENT 1373/1374)

SEASONABLE

ENJOYABLE

APPETISING

GRATIFYING

ENERGISING

RELIABLE

SUITABLE

AT CHRISTMAS

SEAGER'S GIN

The Spirit of Festivity

"Midnight Follies"
at the
Dorchester
Park Lane, W.1. 'Phone: Mayfair 8888.

Tables may now be reserved for
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

★ CHRISTMAS DAY
Christmas Dinner, Dance and Cabaret £1 : 15 : 0

★ BOXING DAY
Gala Dinner, Dancing and Cabaret £1 : 5 : 0

★ NEW YEAR'S EVE
Gala Dinner, Dancing, Gifts for Lady Guests £3 : 3 : 0

Cabaret produced by
CLIFFORD WHITLEY.
JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND.

EUNICE COLEMAN
One of the Hollywood Beauties

Managing Director . . . . Francis Towle.

costs twenty-five shillings. Also on New Year's Eve, for which the price will be £2 10s. Café de Paris extension nights being what they are—packed to the famous stairs—table booking must be done very well ahead.

San Marco

THE San Marco also is shut on Christmas Day, but opens on Boxing Night with a burst of festivity and an extremely moderate charge—15s. 6d. New Year's Eve's price is 32s. 6d., and for this again table booking *must* be done early. There are so many people who never miss coming here, week in, week out, and it's a pound to a pin they'll come that night to wish themselves a share of luck in 1936.

Capt. Halsey, Possenti, and all others concerned must be pretty pleased with the San Marco's first year-and-a-bit of existence. It's never even had to try: it's just been full, lunch, dinner and supper, from the start. Besides being on the certain list of every regular night-lifer, it's got an enormous attraction for the people who only go out occasionally, and choose pretty carefully when they do. One could name a dozen young-marrieds of one's acquaintance who adore staying at home, think it's fantastic to go out every night, but *always* come here when they do galvanise themselves away from their own firesides. They like the food, they like the band, and they expect to find their friends here.

Mantovani

His Tipica band plays at the San Marco—and quite excellently. His violin-playing, and the rhythm and the quietness he insists on give a San Marco distinction to any tune

It has also in the last month or two become very much the place for the ex-debutante, lately escaped from chaperonage, to be taken by her boy friends, which adds a nice flavour of youth to the usual sophisticated atmosphere.

The May Fair

THE Western Brothers returned to the May Fair a week or two ago, and are staying anyway over Christmas. They are always received with enormous applause; some of their topical jokes are extremely witty (and hardly ever too broad, for which they get full marks), and as they always include a few of these in their proved favourites, even the "Old School Tie" saga gets an unexpected laugh every time they sing it. Early press day prevents a forecast of the rest of the cabaret, but the May Fair has set and keeps a high standard for the turns it presents.

Galas are thus: Christmas dinner, plus dancing and cabaret, costs twenty-five shillings; Boxing Day price drops to a guinea, and

Drambuie
The Liqueur of Old Romance

Was brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. The recipe was given to a Mackinnon of Skye, and the secret has ever since remained in one family. Originally obtainable only in Skye, it can now be procured at home and abroad from all first-class establishments.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

The perfect Cocktail contains Drambuie.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
8, Union Street - - - - EDINBURGH.

the New Year's Eve celebrations, including a present for the girl-friend, are going for two and a-half guineas.

All the young things who have got to look on the May Fair as their own love Charles, who looks after them with the most serious attention. He has a charming personality, but such a worried-looking forehead. Admittedly last visit it was extension night and a big rush, and late arrivals had to have tables in the foyer, but that didn't make things run any the less smoothly. Charles is Swiss—one of the few non-Italian restaurateurs in the West End.

May Fair Cabaret

The Karré le Baron dancers have been appearing at the May Fair, and the picture tells the story of what they do

The Ritz

HERE again there's no certain cabaret news after the end of this week, but rest assured—it will be Café Chantant as usual, and Charlie will be here to compère, and Joe Kaye and his band will be inveigled into putting on Tyrolean hats and playing a tune or two to match.

Christmas decorations are always particularly well done here, and both the Ritz and the Carlton give most superb presents at their New Year's Eve galas, chosen obviously by an expert with excellent taste. (Memo.: to discover who does choose them and ask his

Rawicz and Landauer play brilliant two-piano duets. Bubbles Stewart and her sisters have also been doing their stuff in the Ritz Café Chantant

Ritz Cabaret

There are two kinds of Martini: Martini Vermouth (*Sweet*) at 4/6 per litre and Dry Martini at 5/6 per litre.

MARTINI VERMOUTH

adds even more enjoyment to your Christmas Parties

WHEREVER *good* Cocktails are mixed they use MARTINI VERMOUTH, Dry or Sweet. Exercise your own creative powers this Christmas. There is a charm in a Cocktail specially mixed which is entirely lacking when poured straight from a bottle. It's the personal touch which adds friendly intimacy to the party and makes it go with a swing.

MARTINI & ROSSI,

Torino, Paris, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, etc.

Xmas & New Year Festivities

The **CARLTON**

Pall Mall, S.W.1. 'Phone: Whitehall 7300

XMAS DAY
Gala Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret - - £1 5 0

BOXING DAY
Gala Dinner, Dance and Cabaret - - £1 1 0

NEW YEAR'S EVE
Gala Dinner, Dance Cabaret & Souvenirs £2 5 0

Dancing to MAURICE WINNICK and his Band

Single Room with bath, from 25/-
Double Room with bath, from 35/-

The **RITZ**

Piccadilly, W.1. 'Phone: Regent 8181

XMAS DAY
Gala Dinner, Dance and Café Chantant - £1 10 0

NEW YEAR'S EVE
Gala Dinner, Dance and Café Chantant - £2 12 6

Souvenirs for Lady Guests

Dancing to JOE KAYE'S Ritz Band

Single Room with bath, from 27/6
Double Room with bath, from 40/-

LANSDOWNE RESTAURANT

Berkeley Square, W.1

FERNANDEZ is now booking tables for our Boxing Night Gala (15/6) and for the New Year's Eve Celebrations (35/-)

Cabaret

Dancing to Brian Lawrence's Band

Here is a corner of the " Farm " which adjoins the Restaurant, and where Quick Meals and Snacks are the Specialities.

The ordinary prices in the Restaurant are :—

Luncheons 5/6
Dinner - 8/6
or à la carte.

OPEN ON SUNDAYS

MAYFAIR 1657

le bon vivieur

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la cuisine par excellence

Commencing BOXING NIGHT
The Famous
MINEVITCH
The Mouth-Organ King and his Mouth-Organ Gorillas

Café de Paris

COVENTRY ST., W.1. GERRARD 2462

or her advice about wedding presents!) It's odd to think that this time last year hardly anyone ever went to the Ritz for supper, and that now to confess you haven't been there is—well, you just don't say so: you go, to find out what everyone sees in the place. If you really discover, lots of managers would pay for the information, but you won't. . . . It's just the Ritz, and that's all there is to it.

Oh, yes, prices... Christmas dinner (and the menu is a grand one) is thirty shillings. For December 31st also the menu is already planned; in fact, was ten days ago, and the price is fifty-two-and-six.

Renée Houston headed the Carlton cabaret list for a week; now she and her sister are the Babes in the Wood in an out-of-London pantomime

Carlton Cabaret

The Carlton

TALKING of menus, one really to be remembered with veneration was for the dinner given here the other day for the International Hotel Alliance, when restaurateurs and hotel managers from all over the world came to London for one of their bi-annual meetings. What strikes the uninitiated about a dinner like that is the classic simplicity of it—nothing spectacular, only one course (suprême de faisan Lucullus) that could even be called rich, but everything so perfect that it's almost a shock to remember it's really just food—like sausages and mash (vandalistic comparison!). And the wines were equally memorable, but it's always easier to comprehend the connoisseur's rapture over rare wines than to tolerate a gastromane's ecstasy.

Coming nearer to earth, the Carlton galas will be as follow: Christmas dinner, twenty-five shillings; New Year's Eve, forty-five shillings. There'll be special cabarets, and for New Year's Eve some surprise item or other, and two bands to dance to—Maurice Winnick, and René Tapponnier.

Prunier's

PRUNIER'S is celebrating its first Christmas in London by opening on December 25th from 12.30 for lunch, and from 7 o'clock for dinner. Turkey and plum-pudding in the menu will be the only gala-ish concession, and for anyone who wants to eat a meal quietly and normally on that day, this is the place to come. Also on Boxing Day, which will be " business as usual."

Not enough of the Prunier regulars have mastered the typically French art of ordering wine. The wine list is a superb one, and parts of it at least are perfectly suited to the moderate purse. Clarets, for instance, range from 7s. a bottle (4s. a half-bottle) up to a Château Palmer (Margaux) 1890 for 20s. a bottle. Sound Burgundies also appear at eight or nine shillings a bottle (half-bottles to match), so that without exorbitant expense one can do as every Frenchman does and drink a white wine with fish and a red wine with meat. White wines from Burgundy, Sancerre, Alsace, the Loire to start with; the lighter clarets and burgundies with chicken or veal; one of the richer St. Emilion or Pomerol clarets with game, meat or cheese; finally a white Bordeaux wine, full of sun, with your sweet or fruit.

Mme. Prunier has had the various wines suitable for each course placed together on the wine list, with a word or two

Prunier's: the large lighted panels of ships and fish and sea things are a feature of the back part of the restaurant

of advice at the head of each section. In fact, the wine list itself is an education in what to drink with what. And then there are the champagnes—but they will have to wait for another day.

Bon Viveur

THE Bon Viveur takes a day off for Christmas, but opens again on December 26th, so that its members can creep in to recover from a surfeit of family parties and heavy meals.

The Bon Viveur

That kiosk has become a lunch-and-dinner-time landmark for all the people who are amused to come to the Bon Viveur, whether as members or guests

On New Year's Eve there 'll be a special menu and presents, and the occasion is treated as a sort of reunion by the habitués. Everyone seems to know everyone else and the atmosphere is cheerfully sentimental without being as riotous or bun-throwing as in some of the larger establishments.

This is the place to come if you want to arrange a joke-dinner for any of your friends. Davico has a pretty flair for planning freak menus. There was a party here a week or two ago in honour of a gentleman who had led a car expedition across the Sahara and apparently been a bit stern over the matter of supplies. Revenge was taken by ordering him the following celebration dinner: oysters (Mr. X was only allowed empty shells); sole Bon Viveur (he got a sardine or two on a plate of sand specially imported by Davico from his garden in Kent); roast turkey (parson's nose for Mr. X); cheese soufflée (a nice bit of rind for the victim); three kinds of wine (but he only got water). Very ingenious, and they all had a lot of fun out of it, including hungry Mr. X, when his teasing friends relented.

Lansdowne Restaurant

LAST item of Christmas news concerns the Lansdowne. The management announce a holiday on the 25th, but for Boxing Night there 'll be a special dinner for 15s. 6d., with dancing to Brian Lawrence's cheerful tunes thrown in. On New Year's Eve, here, as elsewhere, an extension night, the price is thirty-five shillings, and just for once there 'll be a cabaret.

The Lansdowne (like Prunier's) is a Jubilee year addition to Mayfair night life, and in its end-of-the-year stock-taking can congratulate itself on having contributed a definite variation of its own to the "where shall we go?" theme. It is one of the very few places that have really succeeded in persuading evening and day clothes' wearers to patronise the same dance floor. So often day clothes oust evening dress as soon as the wearing of either is optional, and that's always a pity. But here, chiefly owing to Fernandez's clever placing of his differently garbed clientèle, neither camp feels it has done the wrong thing.

A country reader wrote the other day asking for advice about theatre dinners. This is one of the most obvious answers, as there are always plenty of early eaters to keep each other company, and a short, quick dinner is one of the specialities of the house. E. L.

The Attractive and Modernistic Foyer at the Lansdowne

Merry Making

NEW YEAR'S EVE
Gala Dinner, Dancing and
'NEW YORK 1936'
(The latest Cabaret straight from America)
and, in addition
A SPECTACULAR WELCOME TO 1936
Dancing to the Grosvenor House Band
under the direction of Sydney Lipton
GIFTS FOR LADIES. Inclusive Charge 52/6

CHRISTMAS NIGHT & BOXING NIGHT
Gala Dinner, Dancing
and
'NEW YORK 1936'
(to be produced Thursday, Dec. 19th)
The latest, loveliest and liveliest Cabaret from America
Dancing to the Grosvenor House Band
under the direction of Sydney Lipton
GIFTS FOR LADIES
Each Night:
DINNER · DANCING · CABARET · 25/-

at
Grosvenor House
PARK LANE · W · 1
TELEPHONE GROSVENOR 6363

A. A. Duncan, the Oxford captain, and Sir H. Gillies, who played in the match between a Mixed Team and Oxford and Cambridge, when the new golf ball was tested

Three more members of the Mixed Team which beat Oxford and Cambridge in the foursomes match, at Addington; they are Henry Longhurst, Abe Mitchell and Fred Robson

J. S. L. Lyon, the Cambridge golf captain, and Miss Joyce Wethered, who was partnered by R. H. Oppenheimer in the morning, and by L. G. Crawley in the afternoon

Testing the Experimental Golf Ball at Addington

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf: Unplayable Balls

For the purposes of this article, it is necessary for my readers to know accurately Rule 22 and Rule 23 of the Rules of Golf. I therefore reprint them.

RULE 22.

Lost and Unplayable Ball

(1) Except as provided for in Rule 27, if a ball be lost or be deemed by the player to be unplayable, the player shall play his next stroke as nearly as possible at the spot from which the ball which is lost or unplayable was played, adding a penalty stroke to the score for the hole.

If the stroke was played from the teeing-ground, a ball may be teed; if from through the green or a hazard it shall be dropped, and if on the putting-green it shall be placed.

(2) If a ball has been played on to a part of the course where it is likely to be lost or unplayable, the player may, in order to save delay, at once play another ball provisionally in the manner provided for in this Rule, but if the first ball be neither lost nor deemed unplayable it shall continue in play without penalty. The player may continue to play with a provisional ball until he reaches the place where the previous ball is likely to be.

NOTE.—A provisional ball may only be played under the second section of this Rule before the player or his partner goes forward to search for the ball which has been played with the previous stroke.

Penalty in Match Play—Loss of Hole.
For Stroke Play—See Stroke Rule 11.

RULE 23.

Ball Out of Bounds

(1) If a ball lie out of bounds the player shall play his next stroke as nearly as possible at the spot from which the ball which is out of bounds was played, adding a penalty stroke to the score for the hole.

If the stroke was played from the teeing-ground a ball may be teed; in all other cases a ball shall be dropped.

In the case of a ball played out of bounds, the penalty stroke may be remitted by Local Rule (see Note).

Provisional Ball Played

(2) If a player, after making a stroke, consider that his ball may be out of bounds, he may, in order to save delay, at once play another ball provisionally in the manner provided for in this Rule, but if it be discovered that his first ball is not out of bounds, it shall continue in play without penalty, provided the ball is not deemed unplayable.

NOTE.—Out of Bounds.—If the penalty stroke has been remitted by a Local Rule, and a provisional ball has been played under these conditions, on reaching the place where the first ball is likely to be, if the player or his opponent be still in doubt, the player is not entitled to presume that the first ball is out of bounds till he has made a search of five minutes.

A provisional ball may only be played under the second section of this Rule before the player or his partner goes forward to search for the ball which has been played with the previous stroke.

The player may continue to play with a provisional ball until he reaches the place where the previous ball is likely to be.

Ascertaining Location of Ball

(3) A player has the right at any time of ascertaining whether his opponent's ball is out of bounds or not.

Standing Out of Bounds

(4) A player may stand out of bounds to play a ball lying within bounds.

Penalty in Match Play—Loss of Hole.
Penalty in Stroke Play—Disqualification.

When the present Code of Rules was being discussed, before it became law, Sir Ernley Blackwell showed his disapproval of these two Rules, but when he was informed that this Code had been drawn up after consulting nearly all the golfing bodies of the world, he withdrew his objections. The Rules had only been in existence a little over a year and a half when he again brought this matter up at the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews of this year. This year Sir Ernley Blackwell put the following motions to the Meeting:

(1) That in the opinion of this General Meeting the present Rules 22 and 23 with regard to "Lost and Unplayable Ball" and "Ball Out of Bounds" as interpreted by the Decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee in the Kanawaki case (1923) and the Truants' Golfing Society case (No. 347) have enabled a player to "deem unplayable" a ball which is admittedly playable, merely because he thinks, having regard to the position of his "provisional ball," that it is to his advantage to do so; that such Rules, so interpreted, are contrary to the true spirit of the game of golf, and that they should therefore be repealed.

(2) That the Rules should be amended as follows:—

(*a*) In Match Play lost ball shall mean lost hole, and the principle of Rule 6 as regards so-called unplayable balls shall be restored, viz., "A ball must be played wherever it lies or the hole be given up."

(*b*) In Score Play the old Rules shall be restored as regards both lost and unplayable ball, viz., in the case of a lost ball, the player may return to the place from which his shot was played and play another ball under penalty of loss of stroke and distance: and as regards "unplayable balls" a player may lift his ball from any place on the course and tee behind under penalty of two strokes.

The playing of a provisional ball in the case of a ball played "on to a part of the course where it is likely to be lost or unplayable" shall be abandoned.

(*c*) Where it is doubtful whether a ball has gone out of bounds or not, a provisional ball may be played, but a ball must not be presumed to have gone out of bounds until five minutes' search has been made, or, in Match Play, the opponent has given his consent after a shorter search.

(3) That the Rules of Golf Committee be requested to submit a draft of new Rules to the above effect for the approval of the Club in General Meeting.

Although Sir Ernley's motions were not carried there must be a large number of golfers who sympathise with his views.

As you have read, what happened in the Kanawaki case and the case of the Truants' Golfing Society was that players deemed unplayable balls which could be played easily, because they considered it was to their advantage to do so. These players were certainly guilty of what those people, who caused us all a considerable amount of inconvenience last month called terminological inexactitudes, and of what ordinary mortals call—lies.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1935-6

DEC. 1, 1935	Musical Season opens with a Festival of French Music. RICHARD STRAUSS, KREISLER, RACHMANINOFF, LOTTE LEHMANN AND ELIZABETH SCHUMANN will appear during the Season, which lasts until April, in addition to those artistes specifically mentioned below.
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas. (During January M. SACHA GUITRY will give several special performances.)
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS. AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
JAN. 1, 1936	GALA CONCERT CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI.
JAN. 3	Piano Recital by M. Vladimir Horowitz.
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 18	Classical Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20	Grand Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 22	Classical Concert, with M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 24	Violin Recital by M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA—SEASON OPENS WITH WAGNER'S "RING," IN GERMAN, BY THE BAYREUTH OPERA, UNDER FRANZ VON HOESSLIN. (Amongst other distinguished singers who will be heard during the Opera Season are LILY PONS, AUTORI AND CHALIAPINE.)
JAN. 29	Gala of Modern French Music, with Mme. Ida Rubinstein.
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the middle of February.)

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TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
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30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours). Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days). 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
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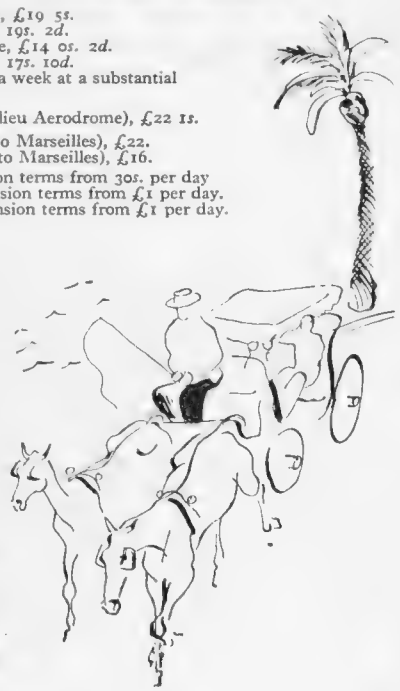

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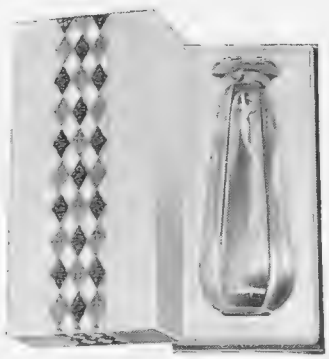

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Sharjah Airport, on the Persian Gulf, with an H.P. 42 outside the fort, which is Imperial Airways' rest-house and store. This view was taken at the Science Museum, South Kensington, where the Empire's Airway Exhibition will remain open till the end of January

"Orders From the Air"

By Charles Ward

Titles and Sub-titles

THE principal advantage of a title is that it need bear no relation to the subject. Provided it is sufficiently striking, people will read the text to a point where they discover their mistake, or, if the story intrigues them, they will read the lot. In a batch of technical Press cuttings I received some years ago, there were several on the Flying Squad, and I still have one marked "Aviation," which records the habits of the flying squirrel. Sub-titles were invented to explain titles, and are especially useful as an afterthought, or in all cases where the title is ambiguous but no intention to deceive is present in the author's mind. The reason for this dissertation is partly the end-of-the-year feeling that I 've used every possible title and sub-title and am wondering whether it 's unfair if I begin to use them all over again before 1936 actually commences. But here is the title to a news paragraph which also explains my state of mind. "Orders From the Air" might mean instructions to the local butcher, neatly dropped in a message-bag in front of his shop, except that this is illegal—you may only drop sand or water from the air. It might mean orders for Dragons or Flying Fleas or any other aeroplane, for such come from the air in the sense that there would be no orders unless the machines could fly. But neither of these is correct—the sub-title says "Loud Speaker Warnings to Tribesmen," and we read that the wretched Bedouins or Somalis, or whoever we happen to be keeping in order at the time, are to be harangued from the air by means of a series of trumpets installed in a Vickers "Valentia." Instead of dropping pamphlets which they can't read, the Political Officer goes up and talks to them, which is no doubt excellent propaganda, but let us hope it won't be allowed over Hyde Park.

At the Training Schools

THE two leading schools in the country, one for the ground engineer, with air training taking second place, and the other specialising in flying, with ground instruction of equal importance, have been in the news this month. The College of Aeronautical Engineering, with headquarters in Chelsea, and its aerodrome at Brooklands, has completed its fourth year. Although its President, Lord Wakefield, was not able to be present at the annual reunion, much to everyone's regret, a most successful party was held at Grosvenor House, and

(*Continued on page* iv)

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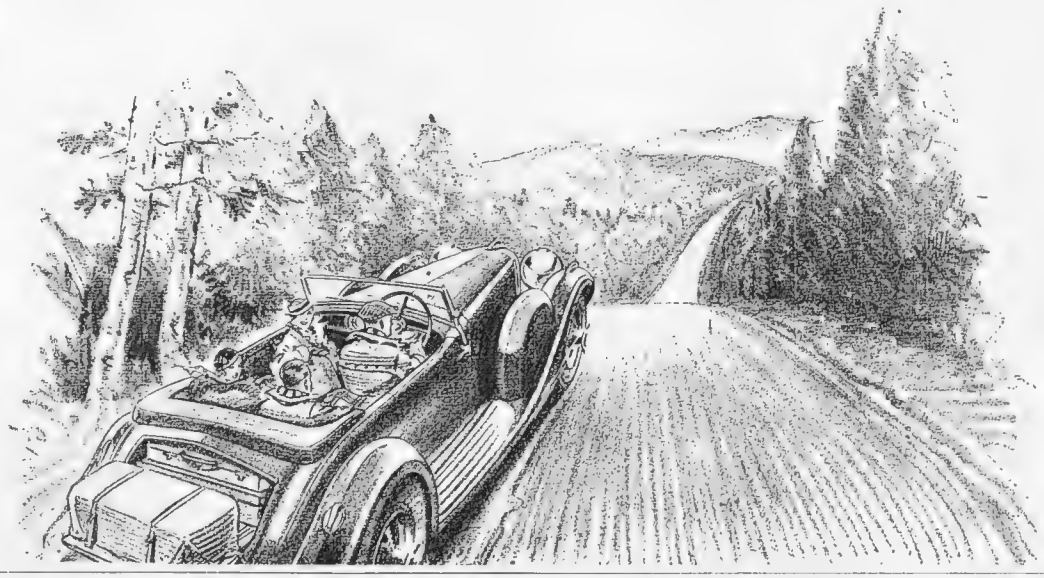

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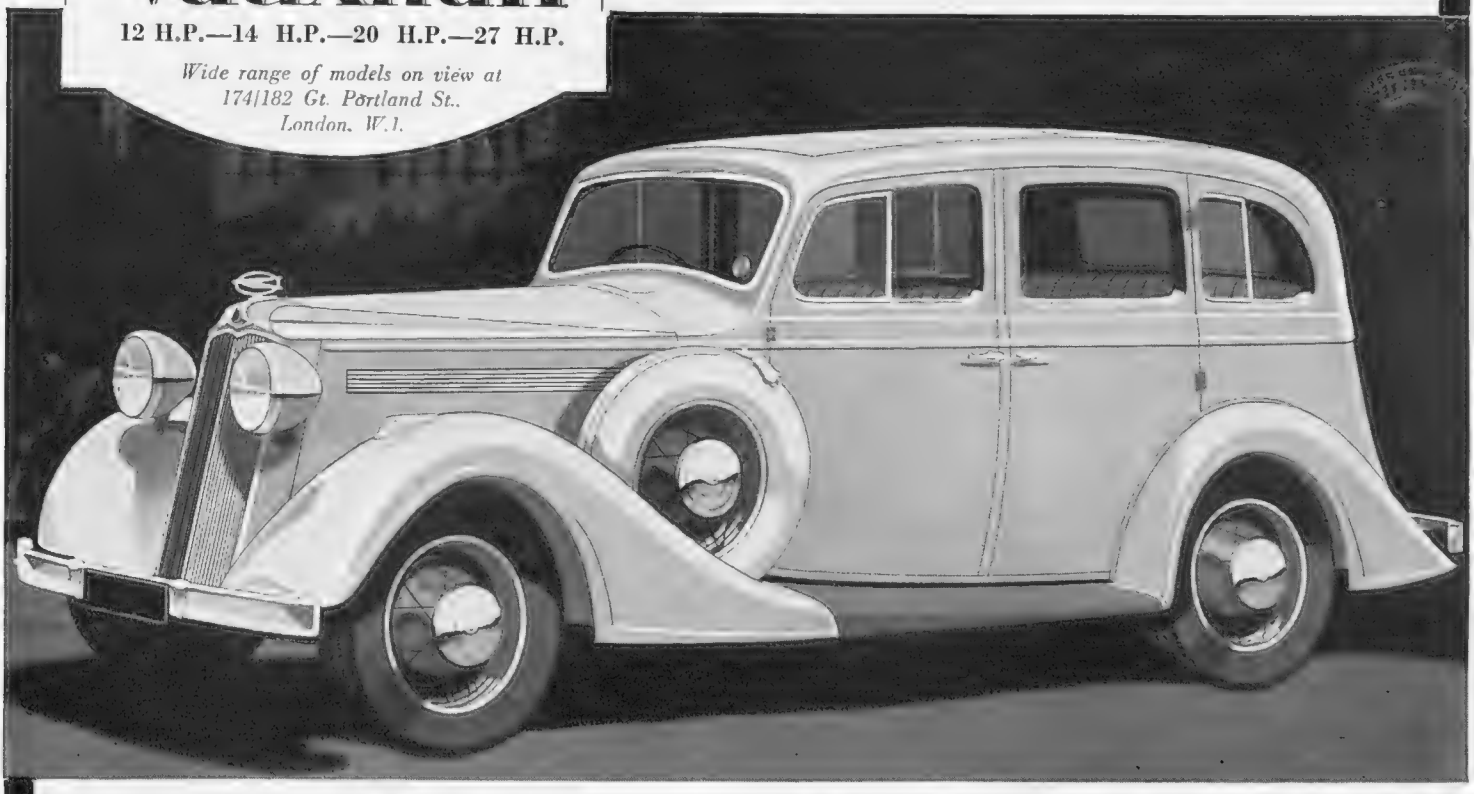

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"Orders From the Air" *(Continued from page ii)*

many compliments were paid to the Principal of the School, Mr. C. H Roberts. Fifty-one students completed their training during the year, and many honours were obtained in Royal Aeronautical Society examinations. A very important part of the College scheme is an arrangement with the principal aircraft manufacturers whereby students complete their studies in the shops under actual working conditions. The demand by the industry for C.A.E. students has exceeded the supply. Every young man who has qualified to date has got a job on leaving. At Hamble, there is continual expansion, due to the popularity of the finest civilian flying school in the world. Four of the latest Avro Cadets have been added to the Fleet, and the first "Calcutta" flying-boat has arrived for the Imperial Airways' training scheme. A.S.T. has a three years' contract with the Company to translate land-lubbers into seamen, for the most important duties of the flying-boat pilot occur whilst his ship is on the water.

Municipal Airports

IN spite of much activity this year, four of the leading cities remain without municipal airports—Birmingham, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Passengers for Birmingham use Castle Bromwich, which is an R.A.F. station; for Belfast the Ards Airport, which has been financed by private enterprise; for Edinburgh there is Turnhouse, also an R.A.F. station, and the mighty city of Glasgow relies on its poor relation Renfrew to provide a landing ground. The latest move in airport purchase has been made by Wolverhampton, the Corporation having bought 200 acres at Barnhurst. It has been fortunate in securing as tenants on an adjacent site, Boulton Paul Aircraft, which company is moving from Norwich in order to be close to supplies of raw materials and to avoid the very high rates which are charged by the capital city of Norfolk. There is no truth in the rumour that the change is due to the vulnerability of Norwich in time of bombs—this city remained quite unscathed during the raids of 1914-1918. Arrangements are being made to form a flying club at Wolverhampton with Mr. J. D. North, Managing Director of Boulton Paul's, as prime mover.

At Heston: Dr. A. H. Douthwaite, the eminent Harley Street specialist, with his wife. They fly most week-ends, and use Heston as their London terminus

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page 536)

The statement of the Rules of Golf Committee that it is only in very exceptional circumstances that a player will incur such a severe penalty as the loss of the distance and a stroke when the ball can be played is perfectly true, but the fact remains that these very exceptional circumstances have arisen on several occasions; besides the cases already mentioned, one pair took advantage of this rule in the Addington Foursomes this year. It certainly appears very undesirable that there should be a loophole in the Rules through which players can, on occasions, gain a considerable advantage. Except in the cases of balls out of bounds and down rabbit holes—and concerning the latter there is usually a local rule—I find it difficult to remember seeing a ball in such a position that it could not be played, but I have seen balls in many lies from which they could not be played to advantage, and in some cases it has been necessary to play one shot to remove undergrowth or thick heather to enable the player to hit the ball with his next shot.

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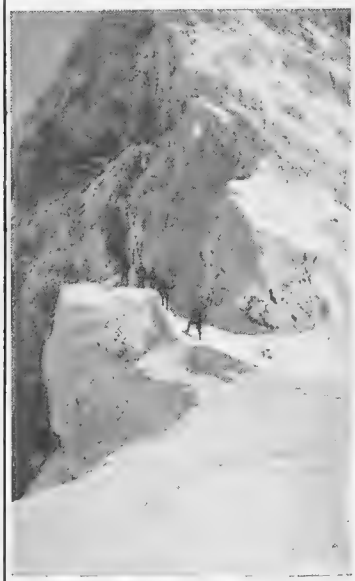

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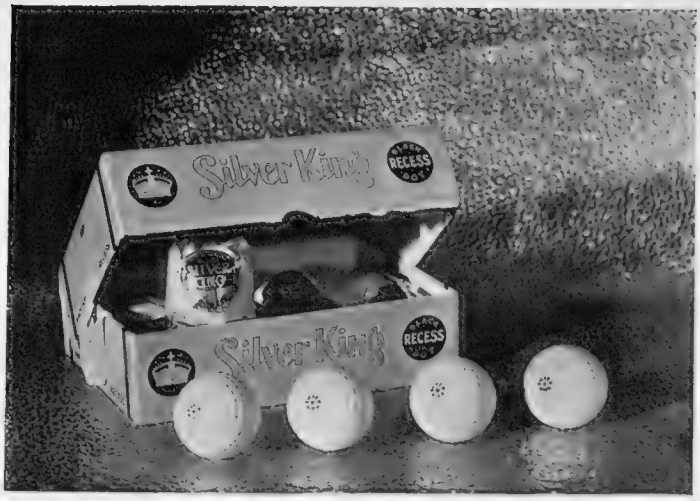

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Spring in Manhattan *(Continued from page 520)*

drunk. Everything 's all right, really. Everything . . ." But inside him somewhere he knew it wasn't.

She went on, cutting in on his numbed thoughts, speaking mechanically with even the bell in her voice far away:

"I shot him in our bedroom. . . . I could see the lights out of the window . . . the people passing and the buses down below in Park Avenue . . . just as if none of it was happening."

"I shot him because he stopped me from having a kid—we had a row to-night about it and he laughed at me." She paused a moment for breath.

"I wanted a baby of my own so much, Sammy. That was the only thing I wanted. Nothing else. Men—I hated them all. He 'd taught me to. But I wanted a kid—even his. Can you understand that, Sammy? Can you?"

Sam did not say anything. What was there to say, even if he could have spoken? But their eyes became brave so that they looked at each other, and the expression in the gentian ones was pitiful and pleading. They stabbed through into Sam and tore at his inside. Then, somehow, his tongue got loosened.

"Yes," he said, "I can understand, Jill."

And it was true. He 'd often wanted a kid himself, but never as much as now. Never as much as he wanted one of Jill's.

"I 'm glad I killed him, Sammy, because of that. Because I can't have a baby. And I don't mind what happens to me—now."

Her voice became almost a whisper:

"Do you think the chair hurts much, Sammy?"

"You don't feel it," Sam said.

His heart was still numb, but his brain became unstuck and began thinking fast. It told him to escape with this girl—to run away and find the spring again for them both. He got up off the stool and took her by the arm.

"Let 's get out of here," he said, low and curt.

She did not move off her stool, and he knew then that it was too late.

"No," she said. "It 's no use. I called the police and told them I 'd be waiting for them here. I told them I did it.

"Funny I should have said Tony's. First place I thought of, I guess. Funny, because we got engaged in here just two years ago. And I haven't been here since. Queer, that . . ."

Her voice became dreamy and reflective:

"It 's too late now to do anything about it . . . I 'm sorry, Sammy."

It was then that they heard the thing she 'd been listening for—the shrill siren of the police car. It was almost a relief. The girl sighed once and turned her eyes away from the door and back to the bar, so that she did not see what Sam saw. She did not see the police come in. She held up her empty glass to Mike:

"Bring two more of these, Mike, please. Or maybe Sammy would rather have a bourbon?" She looked at him, wondering.

"We must have a last drink to spring, anyway, Sammy," she said.

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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• GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Pamela Garrard

Is the twin daughter of Major and Mrs. Garrard, of Welton Place, Daventry, and is engaged to Sir Arthur Wilmot, Bt., the Black Watch, of Alresford Grange, Colchester, the eldest son of the late Captain Sir R. Wilmot, Bt., and of Lady Ada Nield

Pearl Freeman

Audrey Notcutt

Is the only daughter of the late Mr. W. P. Notcutt and Mrs. Notcutt, of Garden Court, Temple, E.C.4; she is to marry Ronald Couzens-Hardy-Horne, of Charlbert Court, St. John's Wood, N.W., who is a grandson of the late Lord Couzens-Hardy

Lafayette

Rosaleen Bagge

Is engaged to Joseph Patrick Feeny, H.M. Colonial Service, the son of the late Mr. M. C. Feeny, and of Mrs. Feeny, of St. Colomb's, Londonderry, and is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Richard and Lady Bagge, and lives at Great Sarratt Hall, Rickmansworth

Bertram Park

Joan Hooper

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hooper, of Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, and Danebury House, Kew, and is engaged to Gustave Rudolph Wolff, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wolff, of The Dene, Bushey, Hertfordshire

Hay Wrightson

Margery Lyons

Is the only daughter of Colonel Sir Henry Lyons, F.R.S., and of Lady Lyons, of 3, York Terrace, Regent's Park, and has announced her engagement to Terence Gates, the younger son of Dr. E. A. Gates and the late Mrs. Gates, of 9 Cambridge Square, Hyde Park

Tunbridge

Margaret Hollins

Is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. J. Hollins, of 2, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W., and has announced her engagement to John Kennedy Scott, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kennedy Scott, of 57, Addison Road, Kensington

Hay Wrightson

Diana Noel

Is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frank Noel, of 17, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park; she is engaged to John Vivian Bailey, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the only son of Brig.-Gen. V. T. Bailey, C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Bailey, of Tantallon Lodge, North Berwick

Bertram Park

Sheila Tollemache

Is the second daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope Tollemache and the late Hon. Stanhope Tollemache, of Bentley Manor, Suffolk, and is to wed F. W. F. Otter-Barry, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Otter-Barry, of Horkesley Hall, Essex

Hay Wrightson

Patricia Leetham

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Leetham, of Ganton, Scarborough, and has announced her engagement to Dr. Arthur Leslie Taylor, M.D., the youngest son of Mr. Benjamin Taylor, J.P., of Bardsey, Yorks, and the late Mrs. Taylor

Pearl Freeman

Beatrice Holmes

Is the elder daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Holmes, of 49, Trafalgar Square, Chelsea, and is engaged to marry Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, R.N., the second son of Captain and Mrs. W. B. Mackenzie, of Caldarvan, Dumbartonshire

Pearl Freeman

Helen Wingfield

Is the only daughter of Professor P. H. Wingfield, F.B.A., J.P., and of Mrs. Wingfield, of Cranmer Road, Cambridge; she has announced her engagement to Graham Cox, the only son of the late Brig.-General E. W. Cox, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Cox, of Horton Court, W.8

Lenare

Beatrice Holmes

Is the daughter of the late Mathew Holmes, M.D., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Holmes, of Wellington, N.Z., and 41a, Onslow Square, S.W.7; her wedding takes place to-morrow, December 19th, to Austen Bertram Knight, M.C., the elder son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Knight, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., of Pamber Place, Basingstoke

Richardson — Boyd-Carpenter

Ralph Croft Richardson, the elder son of the late Major Richardson, 14th (King's) Hussars, and of Mrs. Richardson, of Amwell, Bury, Herts, and Mary Dugdale Boyd-Carpenter, the only daughter of Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, M.P., and of Lady Boyd-Carpenter, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Anthony — Hunt

Surgeon Lieut.-Commander Roland George Anthony, R.N., the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Anthony, of Cross Close, Dorridge, Warwickshire, and Maureen de Vere Hunt, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Hunt, of Albermarle Villas, Stoke, Plymouth, were married at the Church of St. Andrew, Plymouth

Courtney — Howard

Myles Bertram Courtney, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Courtney, of Layton House, Shaftesbury, Dorset, and Penelope Curtois Lakes Howard, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. C. Howard, K.C., Attorney-General of the Gold Coast, and Mrs. Howard, were married at Paignton Parish Church

Barker — Elmhirst

Left: Captain George Barker, Master of the Badsworth Hunt, the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Barker, of Stanlake Park, Berkshire, and Irene Rachel Elmhirst, M.B.E., the only daughter of the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Elmhirst, of Barnsley, Yorkshire, were married at the Church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate

Right: Harold Ralph Finch Mason, East Surrey Regiment, the son of Colonel Walter Mason, and of Mrs. Mason, O.B.E., of Eversley Cross House, Eversley, Hants, and Estelle Wilmot Hutton Ridout, the daughter of Major-General Sir Dudley Ridout, and of Lady Ridout, of Richmond, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens

Mason — Ridout

Armstrong — Bailey

Captain Charles Douglas Armstrong, East Surrey Regiment, and Sylvia Holden Earle Bailey, the younger daughter of the late Mr. H. Bailey, and of Mrs. Bailey, of Kingston Hill, were married at the Church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate. The bride has thrice been a semi-finalist in the English Women's Golf Championship

Coles — Morrison

Edward Lermitte Coles, the third son of the late Mr. H. E. Coles, and of Mrs. F. B. W. Jacomb, of Greville Place, N.W.6, and Gretchen Louise (Peggy) Morrison, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Morrison, of Holland Park, W.11, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Locker-Lampson — Goodall

Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, M.P., and Barbara Saphira Goodall, of The Manor House, Westenhanger, Kent, were married at Blarney Church, Co. Cork; the bride is the second daughter of Mrs. Nutt, the wife of Major N. Nutt, D.S.O., who is Master of the East Kent Foxhounds

Halliday — Stewart

Ruthven John Wyllie Halliday, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven Halliday, of Upton Grey, Basingstoke, and Mary Elizabeth Stewart, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. W. E. L. Stewart, of Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, were married at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 18—December 24

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Phyllis Clare, Phil Ray, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Duke of York's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Vivienne Bennett and Ion Swinley play Lady Macbeth and Macbeth, Cecil Trouncer is Duncan, and William Devlin Banquo: Old Vic, 8 (except Mondays). Wed., Sat., 2.30 (to December 19th).

MARY TUDOR.—Wilfred Grantham's historical play has Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud has taken Romeo's part from Laurence Olivier, who is now Mercutio; Peggy Ashcroft remains the perfect Juliet: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans and Graham Browne all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Closed 23rd-25th.)

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Closed December 23rd and 24th.)

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 69.—A Christmas edition, including a Toy Ballet, Edna Thompson and Olive del Mar as soubrettes, Milne and West, Eric Barker, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, and a new dancer, Noni Prager: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

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A ROYAL EXCHANGE.—This Ruritanian musical comedy stars Ramon Novarro and Doris Kenyon: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSIDE STAND.—Ralph Lynn gets his own typical fun (so does Olive Blakeney in her way) out of Wodehouse's crook-play: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

BLUE BELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Lorna Hubbard in Seymour Hicks's musical dream-play: Scala (from December 26th).

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—Alma Taylor and Frank Freeman are in it: Garrick, 2 and 5 (from December 26th).

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45 (from December 24th).

PETER PAN.—Nova Pilbeam as Peter, Violet Loxley as Wendy, Carol Goodner as Mrs. Darling, George Hayes as Hook: Palladium, matinées (from December 26th).

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; or, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Virginia Cherrill as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Silver Jubilee production: Holborn Empire, 2.15 (from to-day).

First Nights

FRITZI.—A musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Adelphi, December 20th.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—The Christmas production: Old Vic, December 20th.

CINEMAS

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.—A constellation of stars in a song-and-dance show de luxe: Empire.

COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray keep the ball rolling well in a new musical farce: London Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthew's musical piece is gay and amusing: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—Robert Donat and Patricia Hilliard in an unusual story of old Scotland and modern America: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER.—Kay Francis has George Brent for her leading man in this sophisticated new Warner Brothers' picture. Also THE PAY OFF: Regal.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss as one of life's failures who is able to foil a gang of financial sharks. Starting December 19th: New Gallery.

LA BANDÉRA.—Annabella is in this melodrama with a Spanish setting, and Jean Gabin plays opposite her: Curzon.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward are worth seeing in the film of war-time Russia: Astoria.

NO LIMIT.—George Formby and Florence Desmond in a farcical comedy that 's essentially English: Capitol.

SO RED THE ROSE.—Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott in a picture in which the love interest is conspicuous by its presence: Plaza.

THANKS A MILLION.—Plenty of music and singing, with Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, and Paul Whiteman and Band. Also SILLY SYMPHONY, MUSICLAND: Tivoli.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

HANSEL AND GRETEL (Humperdinck) and THE NURSERY SUITE: to-night, 8.
LA BOHÈME: December 19th, 8.
THE SNOW MAIDEN: December 21st, 2.30.
HANSEL AND GRETEL: December 21st, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE JAR, DOUANES, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE: December 20th, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN.—The new English company has Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin for stars, and a repertoire of new and classical ballets: Duke of York's, from December 23rd.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lita Grey Chaplin sings—her first cabaret appearance here; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—There 's always a three-turn cabaret; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—Les Girls dance and sing, Diana Ward croons, and the Caligary Brothers indescribably perform; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936 (from December 19th)—a girls, music and star-turn show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The "Jardin Fleuri" includes good cabaret; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods: the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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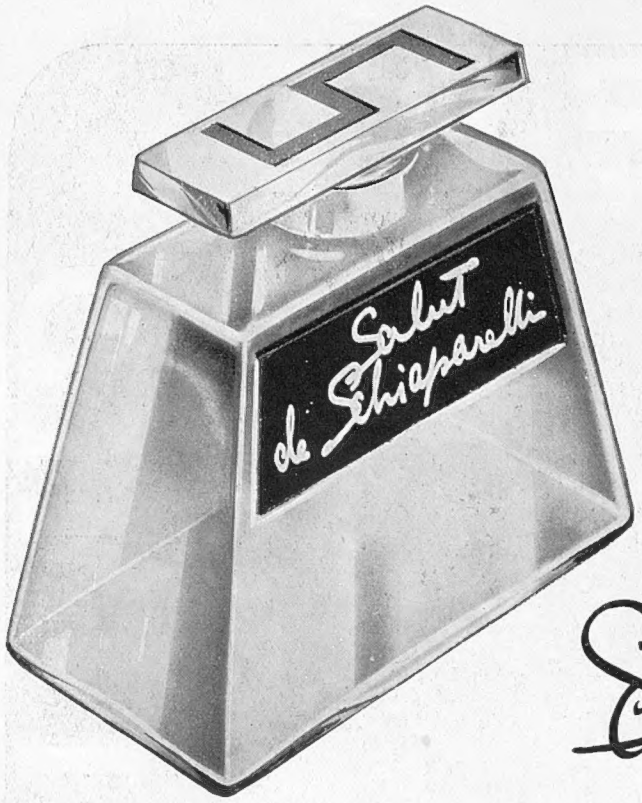

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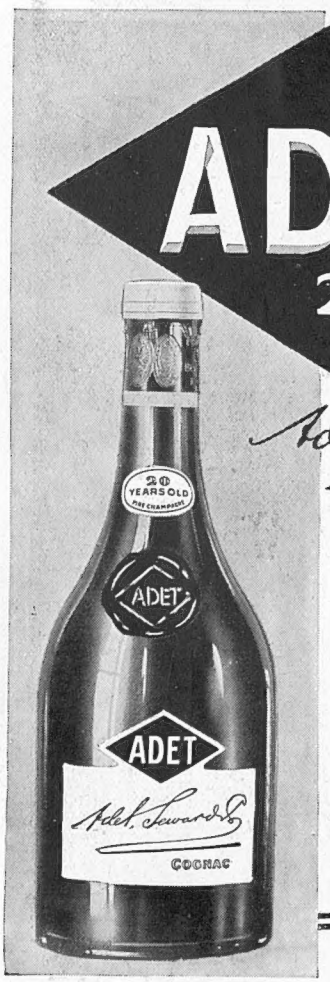

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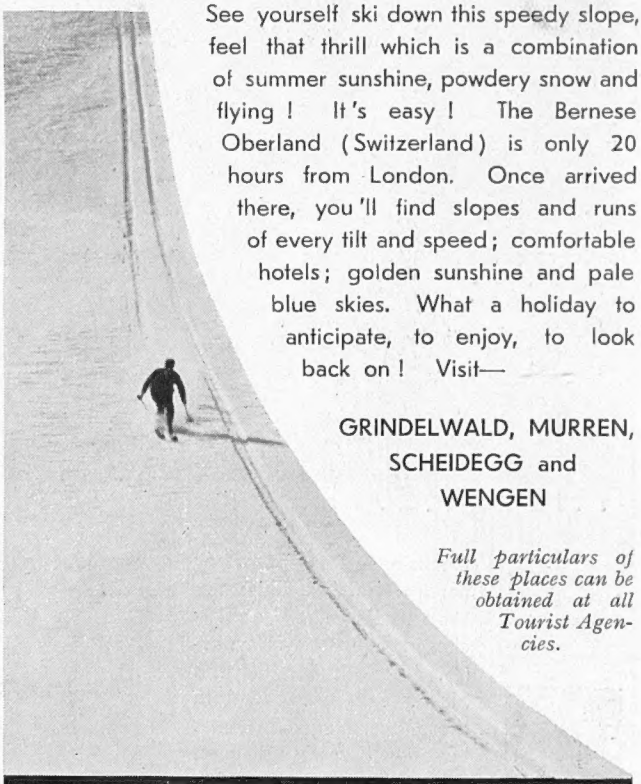

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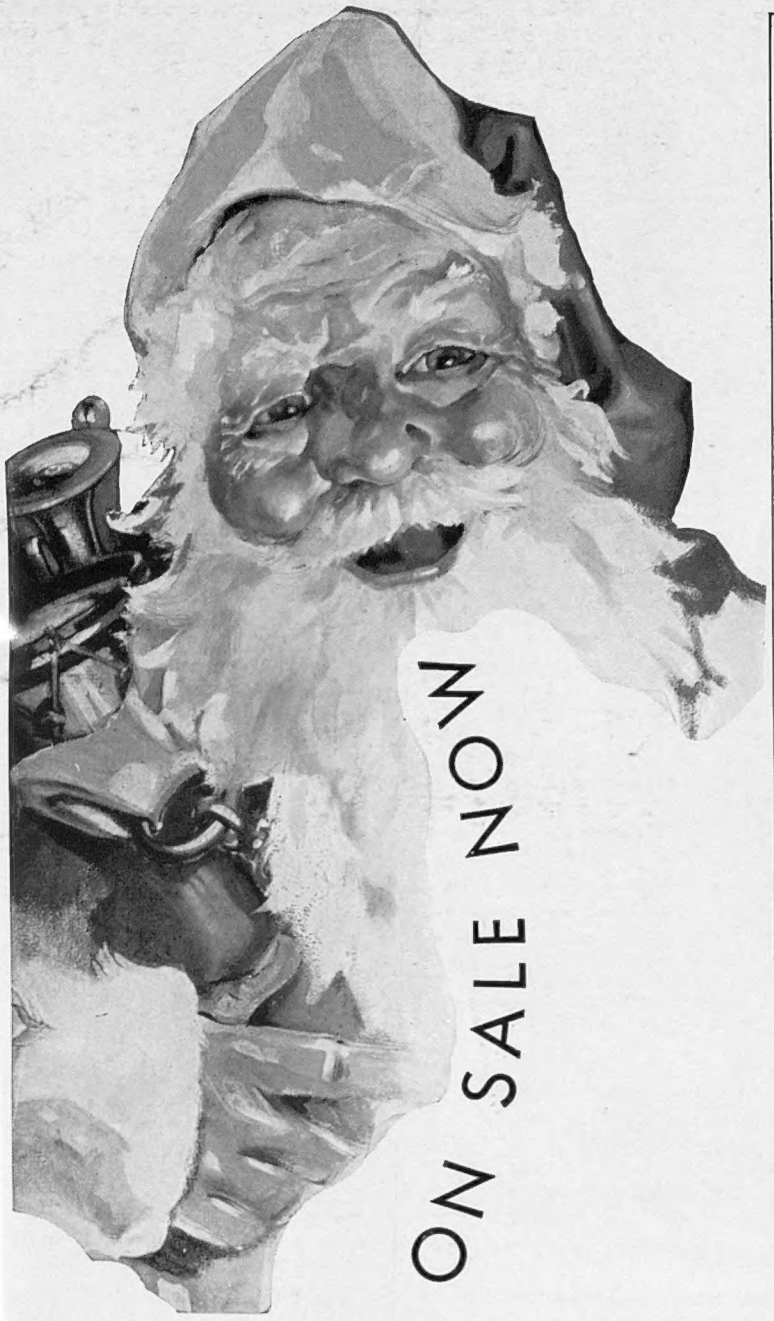

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Three of the greatest wits of to-day:—
A. G. Macdonell, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Maurice Lane-Norcott have written stories and articles, and a number of pages in black and white and colour illustrate the originality and diversity of the best humorous artists. Walter Goetz, Patrick Bellew, Frank Ford, Hailstone, Ian Fenwick and Nicolas Bentley are some of them.

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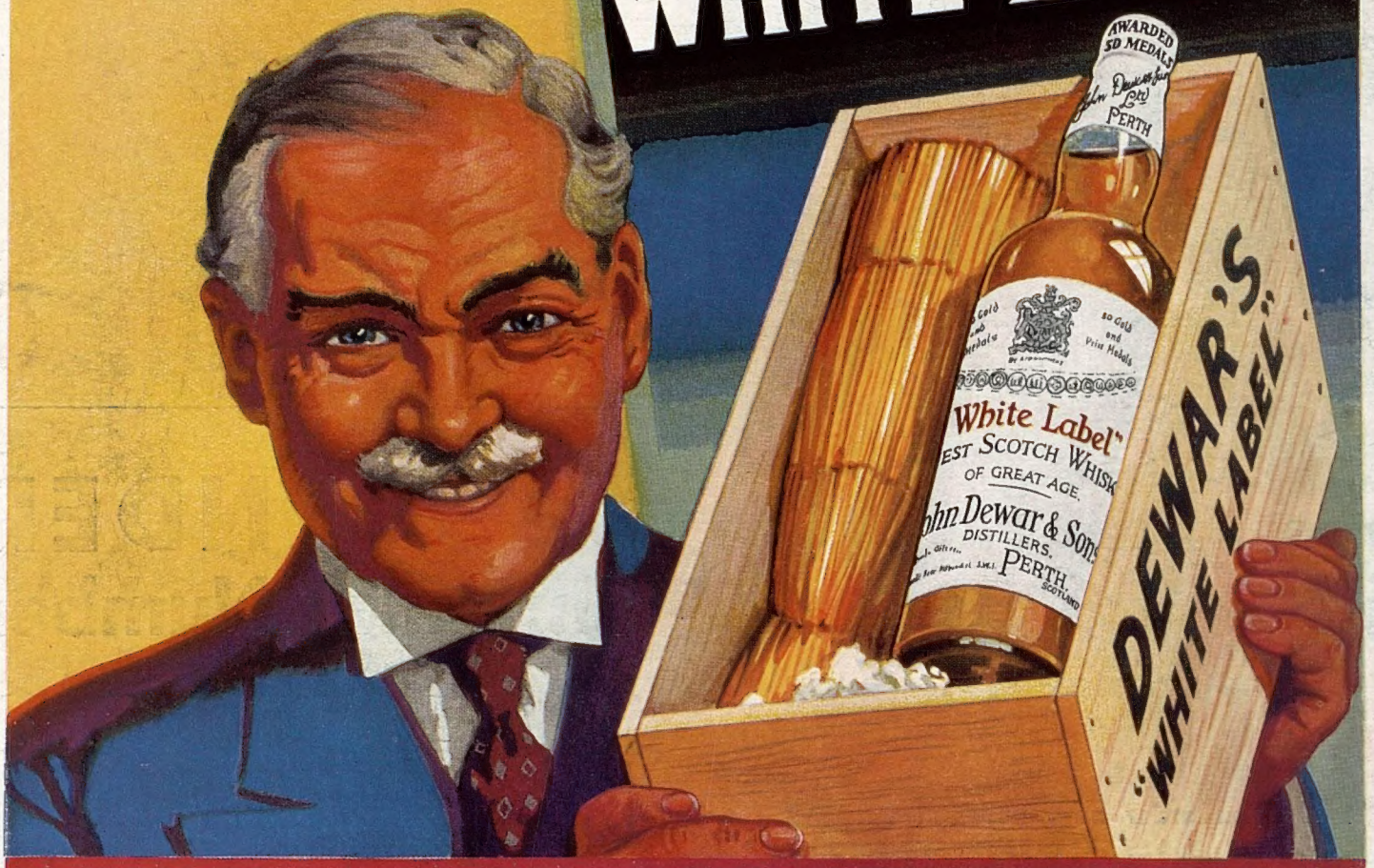

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